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(A recently declassified CIA portable tape recorder, weighing 11 ounces: it bugs both in mono and stereo. See page 39)

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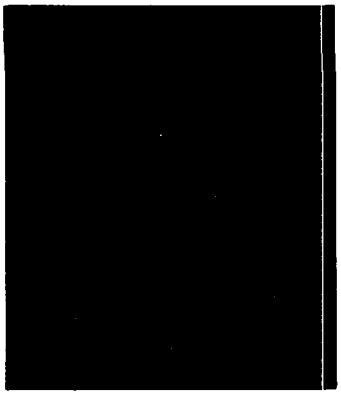
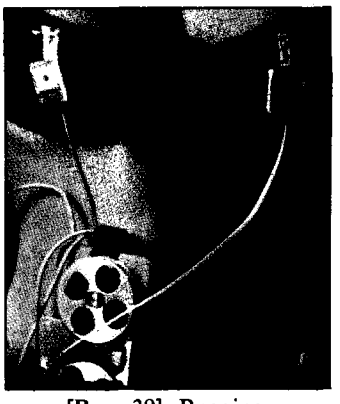


[Page 6] Assassinations

[Page 17] Chicago

[Page 31] Biafra



[Page 39] Bugging

Apologia:

INVETERATE RAMPARTS masthead-watchers, a school of scandal of certainly no less serious discipline than that of Kremlinology, took royal notice last issue when yet another name popped up in that sans serif forest in the back of the book.

For assuming a position of honor between Harold Lipset, contributing editor for criminology (he's a private eye) and Farrell Broslawsky, contributing editor from Los Angeles, was Israel Schawartzberg, ombudsman.

Mr. Schawartzberg's appointment makes RAMPARTS the first magazine to have its own ombudsman, and Israel the first ex-criminal to hold a justiciary post. He is unusually well-suited to assume the role of a legalistic Robin Hood, having just retired from Leavenworth where he added to his distinguished record as the leading jailhouse lawyer in the United States.

In a near-decade of righting wrongs from behind bars, Israel has been successful in 29 of 34 writs he has brought against the federal government, et al., on behalf of disenfranchised and imprisoned citizens.

His first act as RAMPARTS ombudsman will be to bring an action against the government to restore the voting and other civil rights of ex-felons, which are presently denied in a manner which mocks the entire concept of "rehabilitating" criminals to lead a responsible and participatory life within the community. He will be joined by many civil

Israel Schawartzberg: Ombudsman

liberty and minority organizations as amici curiae.

At a recent coming out celebration for Israel at Ratner's Delancey Street restaurant on New York's Lower East Side, RAMPARTS' new ombudsman pointed out that blacks and Puerto Ricans constitute "the largest disenfranchised population in the country," because of the disproportionate percentage of felony records among their number. "This is traceable," Israel said, "to the number of blacks who end up doing federal time because they lack the money, contacts and counsel that many whites enjoy."

In addition, a startling number of non-whites are ranked as felons and thus deprived of voting rights because "the cops always tell a guy they grab on a first offense to plead guilty and hope for a suspended sentence—thus supplying him with a felony record."

Israel, something of a cross between Damon Runyan and Perry Mason, achieved his most singular moment in court just before his most recent stay in Leavenworth, when a judge sentenced him to two years for allegedly tampering with a jury. Since the maximum sentence under the indictment could have been ten years, Israel considered the deuce at least a "moral victory," but he was shocked when the judge gave his co-defendant, a lady lawyer confined to a wheelchair, an identical two years. Israel, who had acted as his own attorney, rose to address the court. "Your Honor," he said, gesturing towards the woman in the wheelchair, "I'm innocent—but she's *really* innocent."

As John Hersey pointed out in *The Algiers Motel Incident* [RAMPARTS, August 10, 1968], the racist administration of the bureaucracy of justice is one of the most serious—and, by whites, least understood—aspects of America's black-white crisis. RAMPARTS Senior Editor Eldridge Cleaver is battling yet another manifestation of white officialdom's prejudice and inequity in his encounters with the California Parole Board.

Cleaver, an ex-convict, is the author of the best-selling *Soul on Ice;* he is Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party, and the Presidential nominee of the Peace and Freedom Parties of California and New York.

The parole authorities, clearly reacting to Cleaver's outspoken political statements and particularly sensitive to his criticism of the Huey Newton trial being held in Oakland, denied him permission to travel outside the state on assignment for RAMPARTS to cover the Republican Convention in Miami.

Cleaver is fulfilling all legal requirements of his parole, and this magazine vigorously protested the parole board's action as politically motivated and censorious. We are now waiting for an eleventh-hour word from the board on Cleaver's request to go to the Chicago convention, to which we have also assigned him.—W.H.

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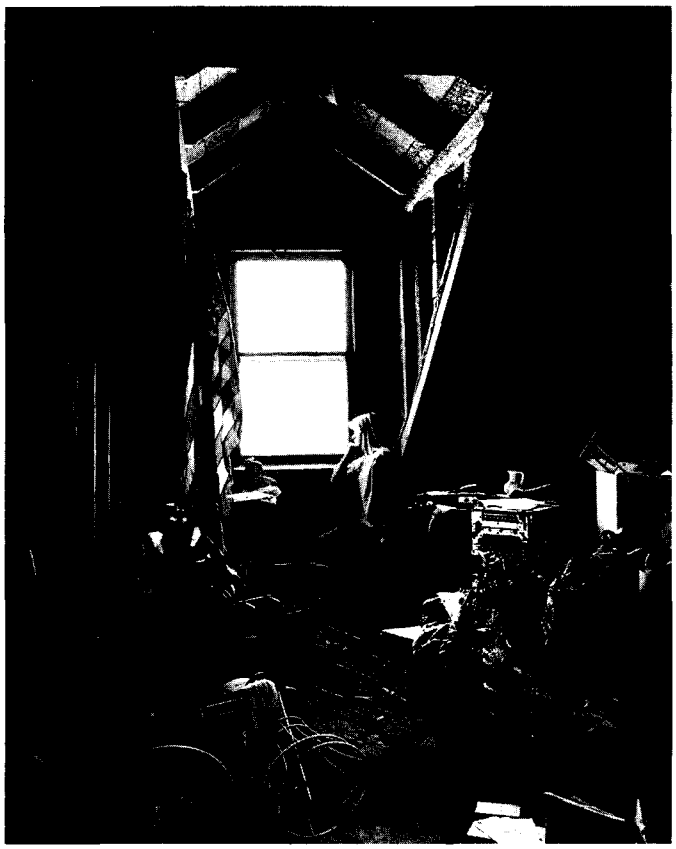

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SIRHAN'S MOTIVES

Unlike Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan has lived to tell of his motivations—but he has chosen to remain silent. The only other potential source of information is his family, which had not spoken to the press.

Mahmoud Abdel-Hadi, an Egyptian correspondent for Akhbar Elyoum in Cairo, recently gained access to Sirhan's family. Based upon information supplied him by the family, he has written exclusively for RAMPARTS *the following account of Sirhan's motivations and the strategy he plans for his trial.*

Because of the forthcoming trial and the difficulty of dealing with this subject without emotional involvement, the editors of RAMPARTS *have elected to present this information of historic interest to our readers without display, and in as objective a form as possible.*

BECAUSE I AM AN ARAB I was able to break through the barrier of suspicion that had stopped other journalists cold and obtain the first in-depth interviews the Sirhan family has given since the assassination. From their comments and from what Sirhan has said to them, a picture of the man and his motives begins to emerge, replacing the misleading portraits which have swamped the U.S. press.

The fact that Sirhan has not publicly discussed his trial is no accident. It is his own strategy, something he developed after thinking about it for long hours in his specially made jail cell. In fact, he has confided to his family that he will never make *any* statement unless special provisions are made for the courtroom proceedings. What Sirhan wants is, quite simply, publicity. He wants the major television networks to be allowed to broadcast the entire trial. If they do this, he says, he will tell all. "And if they refuse?" his brother Adel recently asked him. "Then I shall go to the gas chamber —silent," Sirhan replied.

To understand why Sirhan is indeed capable of such an act, one must understand that he is first and foremost an Arab, born in Palestine and consumed with interest in the Middle Eastern conflict. He is deeply committed to making his trial a public and political forum for the Arab position.

College educated, articulate and a voracious reader, Sirhan is confident about his own ability to cope with his predicament. His eldest brother, Shereif, told me that Sirhan studies the intricacies of his case as many as ten hours a day in his cell. Shereif recalls that Sirhan recently said to him, "I do not need a lawyer. I understand my case and know how to defend myself." But even so, Attorney Russell Parsons is defending his client, and doing it on Sirhan's own grounds. "The main issue," Parsons told me, "is to answer this question: why, for what reason, did Sirhan kill Robert Kennedy? There are 100 witnesses who saw Sirhan shooting Mr. Kennedy, but no one seems to know why he did it."

Sirhan and his attorney hope that the defense—presuming that the television networks are allowed into the courtroom—will show that Sirhan did not have "malice aforethought" in shooting Kennedy because the act was a political gesture, and that Kennedy, to Sirhan at least, was merely a symbol. His brother Adel notes that "if Sirhan was just an assassin, he could have done it in another way, just by having a gun with a telescope. He went to the Ambassador Hotel expecting to get caught; that is why he left his notes at home. I believe that Sirhan *wanted* to get caught so that he *could say what he believes*."

WHEN I FIRST TRIED to meet with the Sirhan family, I was refused. Security is extremely heavy around them, and they are understandably wary of new faces. Later, when I finally obtained an invitation to meet with them, Mrs. Sirhan apologized, I believe for having been inhospitable to a fellow Arab.

This family, which fled Jordan to seek greater safety and security than it had known, is now living in terror. They are somewhat at a loss to understand the events which have suddenly catapulted them into history. None of the four brothers goes to his job; they all feel that death follows them everywhere, and they move carefully, with a heavy guard. "Why don't you just leave this country?" I asked Shereif. "Where shall we go?" he answered. "To whom shall we leave our brother? Our land is under Israel's occupation." Shereif clarified his statement: "Our brother is in jail; we have to stay."

I sensed not only the Sirhans' confusion, but also some bitterness. They have not received any aid from the Arab countries, as they originally thought they might. Parsons is also somewhat surprised; he had hoped that the various local Arab consulates would help defray court costs.

Indeed, Los Angeles' Jordanian consul, who visited Sirhan in jail at Sirhan's request, indicated to me that the accused assassin had expected the Arab people to treat him as a hero. However, except for some Palestinian extremists, his act has been universally repudiated by the Arab world. One Arab newspaper has said editorially, "We don't feel any responsibility for this. It is the society that fed him with hostility, the society that gave him the gun, that is responsible." Members of the Arab Students' Association, of which Sirhan was once an officer, feel that the killing of Kennedy was a terrible mistake. One of them said to me, "What are we going to do with the rest of the American candidates? Kill them all because they want to help Israel?"

Still, the Sirhans' friends are primarily Arab, and they live in an atmosphere that is more Arab than American. The entire family spent a good deal of time discussing the Arab-Israeli conflict. The mother says that Sirhan was the most sensitive and the most involved during these discussions. Adel says that Sirhan once saw a television report of Robert Kennedy addressing the members of the Neveh Shalom Temple in Portland, Oregon. While in the synagogue, Kennedy, wearing a yarmulke, declared that the United States must help Israel against aggression from whatever source.

"Unlike the South Vietnamese," Kennedy said, "the Israelis have shown they are willing to fight for their own survival. Indeed, Israel is the very opposite of Vietnam: the Israeli government is very democratic, effective and free of corruption. Its people are united in its support." The senator then urged the Johnson Administration to proceed at once with the sale of 50 Phantom jet fighters to the Israeli Air Force and to cut off economic aid to the Arab countries. This whole episode made Sirhan very angry, Shereif recalls. "He left the room putting his hands on his ears and almost weeping."

Continued on page 8

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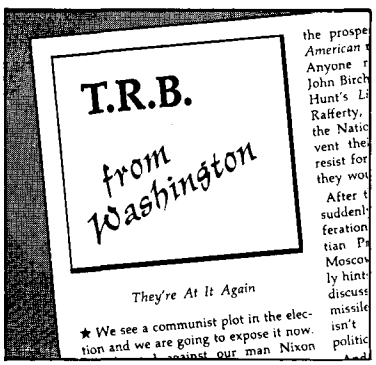
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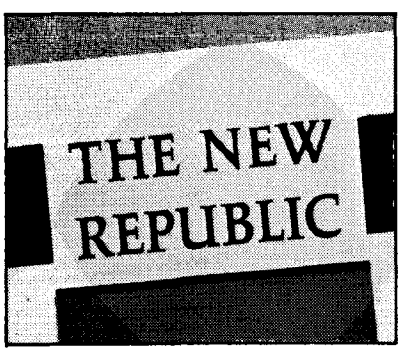

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Continued from page 6

I asked Sirhan's mother why she thought her son had shot Kennedy. "Everything in this country was helping Sirhan," she maintained. "It was pushing him to the danger point. Everything, the propaganda of the Zionists, everything, was against his country, against his people."

Adel described Sirhan's current state of mind: "He feels he has done a terrible thing, but he feels now it is too late to be sorry. Now he wants Americans to listen to something they have never listened to."

And at their first meeting in the jail, Sirhan's mother said to him, "Shame on you. Why have you done such a thing?" He replied, "It's too late to speak of it. But all the Americans will know why."

—MAHMOUD ABDEL-HADI

[Assassinations]

EPSTEIN'S GARRISON

TWO SUMMERS AGO a tandem attack on the Warren Report all but relegated that work to the fiction section of your local library. The first was Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*, which convincingly demonstrated—using the Warren Commission's own evidence—that Oswald could not have done it alone, and drew the first dim outlines of the conspiracy theory. The second was Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest*, which exposed the rather shoddy inner workings of the Commission and laid bare the tortured logic it finally employed to dispel notions of a conspiracy.

Both books became best sellers, but their authors have since gone different ways. Lane, who shuttered his law practice and struggled for years to get his manuscript published in the United States (it was first published in Britain), has stumped the country in support of District Attorney Jim Garrison's theory that the assassination was carried out by an anti-Castro paramilitary team supervised by persons with CIA affiliations. Epstein, whose book was a converted Cornell University master's thesis—the subject was urged upon him by his mentor, Andrew Hacker—has emerged as one of Garrison's most fervid accusers. His vehicle is The New Yorker: in the issue of July 13, he delivered a 25,000-word blast at Garrison, calling the DA's investigation a fraud.

The New Yorker article had its genesis over a year ago, when the author showed up at Garrison's office in New Orleans. According to Chief Investigator Louis Ivon, Epstein spent about 48 hours in town, some three hours at the office, and hasn't been seen since. Much of what he writes about has occurred since this touch-and-go visit and is obviously hearsay on his part, yet he writes with the authoritative tone of a participant. Undoubtedly this technique is convincing to his audience, which assumedly is unfamiliar with the intricacies of Garrison's investigation. But to those familiar with the facts, the article is badly slanted.

For example, Philosophy Professor Richard Popkin of the University of California at San Diego, author of the book *The Second Oswald* (propounding the theory of an Oswald double) and "Garrison's Case" in The New York Review of Books (September 14, 1967), recently commented on the article:

"I found it a queer mix of facts, half-facts, rumors and very dubious information from people hostile to Garrison. Epstein has compressed all this to make it look like everything's on the same level. I think it would take an awful lot of work to disentangle what he's saying on almost any page as to how much of it has a factual base, how much of it is rumor that he has heard from people, how much of it are charges that have been made by people like [William] Gurvich [who volunteered to work on the investigation without pay, passed himself off as the Chief Investigator, then turned on Garrison] against Garrison, which haven't been substantiated anywhere except by Gurvich's statement of them. And also that he tends to take facts and information and rumors and so on, that occurred over a year and a half's period, and compress them all into simultaneous events, so that a statement made by Garrison at one time is pounced upon on the basis of information or statements he made a year and a half later in a totally different context. So I think it's a quite unfair presentation, which has some factual base, but which also has a lot of very dubious elements in it."

One of the dubious elements is Epstein's version of the testimony of Dean Andrews Jr., a colorful attorney who numbers among his former clients Oswald (who wanted his undesirable discharge from the Marine Corps rectified) and the late David William Ferrie, a central figure in the Garrison investigation. The day after the assassination, Andrews told the Commission he received a phone call from a man he knew as Clay Bertrand, whom he described as a "lawyer without a briefcase" for local homosexuals. Bertrand asked him to go to Dallas and defend Oswald. Garrison contends Bertrand is Clay Shaw, whom he has charged with conspiracy.

According to Epstein, Andrews initially gave the FBI "several different descriptions" of Bertrand, and finally admitted that Bertrand "was merely a figment of his imagination." Later, before the Commission, Andrews stated that he had recently seen Bertrand in a bar and, Epstein says, described him as "a boy" who was "five feet eight inches" and had "sandy hair." "No other clues to Bertrand's identity turned up, however," writes Epstein, "and Wesley J. Liebeler, a Commission lawyer who conducted the investigation in this area, said he was convinced that no such person existed."

An objective reading of Andrews' testimony, however, reveals that he told the FBI that Bertrand was "approximately six feet one inch to six feet two inches in height, brown hair, and well dressed"—a description that closely matches the tall, aristocratic Shaw. As for Bertrand being a figment of his imagination, Andrews declared, "That's what the Feebees [FBI] put on." He recounted that G-men had pestered him to the point where he told them, "Write what you want, that I am nuts. I don't care." As for his later remark to the Commission's Mr. Liebeler that Bertrand was only five feet, eight inches, Andrews explained that "this time I was looking for the fellow, he was sitting down." Nowhere does he refer to Bertrand as a "boy." Epstein was perhaps confused by his exclamation: "I don't play Boy Scout and measure them."

In his superficial examination of Gar-

Continued on page 12

Sketch by Mary Morhoff

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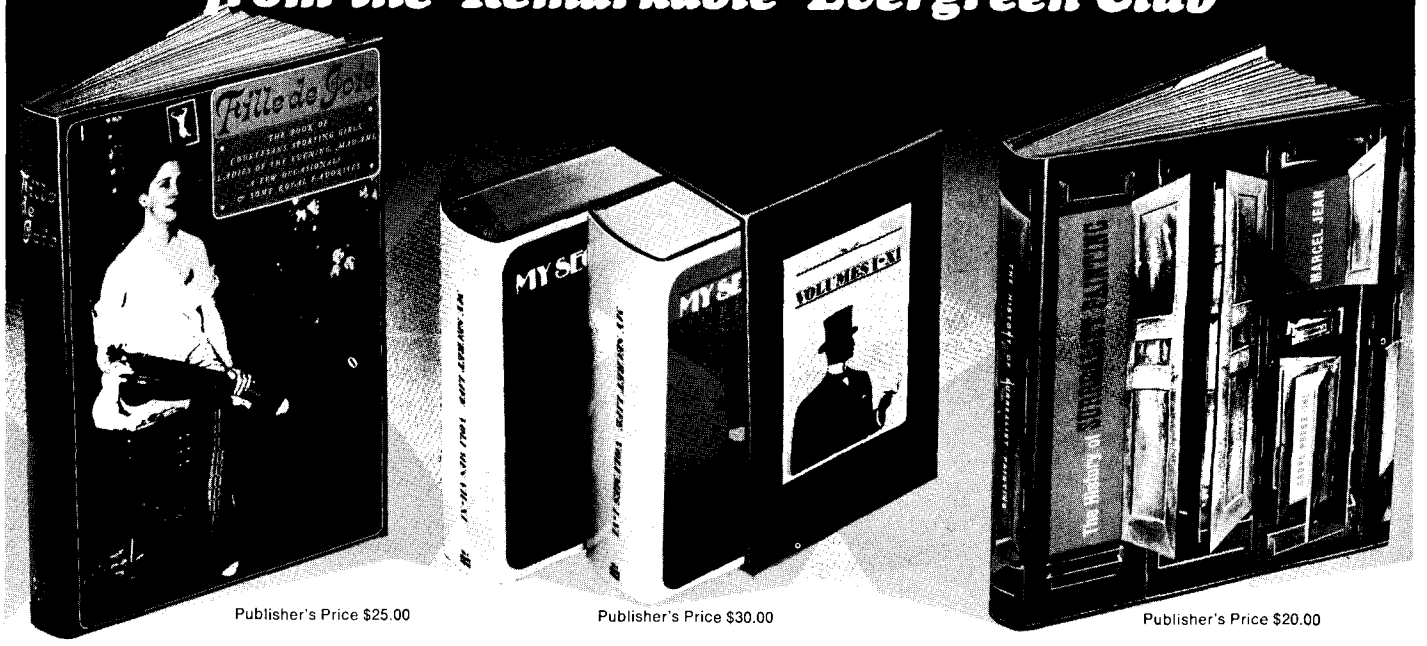

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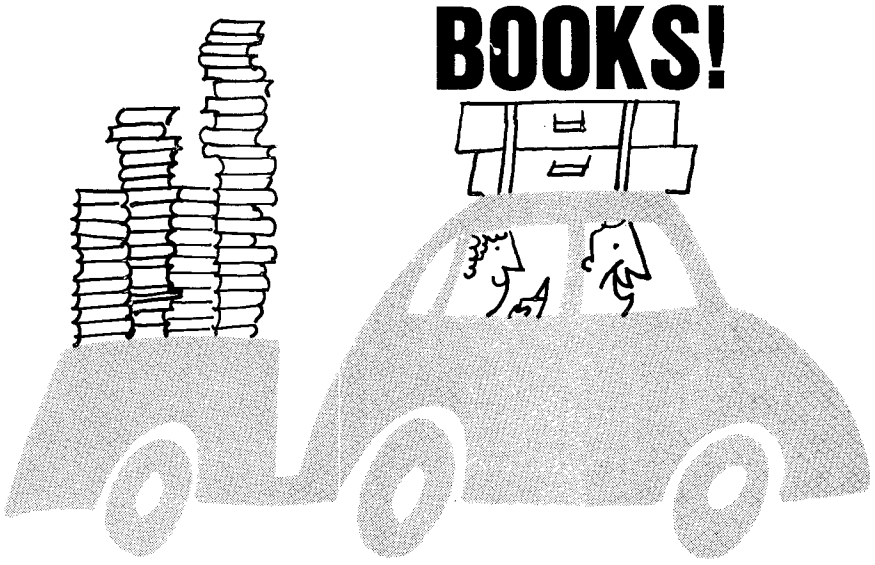

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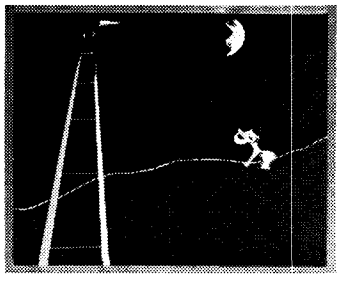

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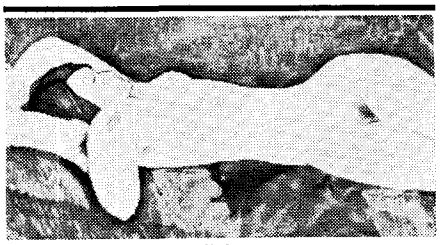

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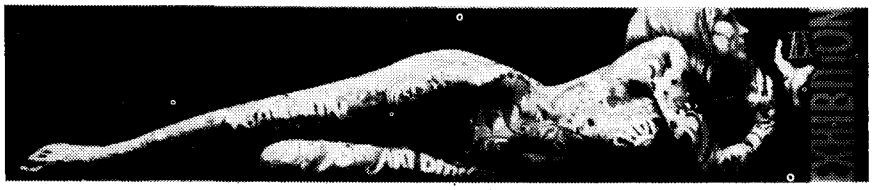

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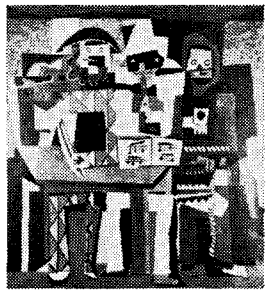

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Continued from page 8

rison's case, Epstein evidently failed to check the police records prepared upon Shaw's arrest. Thoroughly shaken by the arrest, Shaw blurted out, according to Patrolman Aloysius Habighorst, that he had used the alias "Clay Bertrand." The alias was duly entered on the fingerprint card and booking sheet.

One of the most fascinating characters in the conspiracy drama is Richard Case Nagell, a former U.S. Intelligence agent who claims he encountered Oswald in Mexico City in 1963, and had been instructed by his spy superiors to determine if the rumors of an assassination attempt had any foundation. Nagell says he learned that the first attempt against Kennedy was scheduled for September 26 in Washington, D.C., and that Oswald (who crossed the border into Mexico the day before) was to be set up as the "patsy" and shot in front of the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City. When the anti-Castro paramilitary team could not penetrate the Presidential security in Washington, Oswald got a reprieve. But Nagell, who says he was sure the attempt would come off but failed to get the FBI to listen, faked a bank robbery in El Paso on September 20 so that he would be arrested and in federal custody when the assassination occurred.

Epstein dismisses Nagell as being mentally unbalanced, noting that "court records indicated that Nagell had suffered brain damage in an airplane crash in 1957" and that, following the bank episode, he was "an inmate of a federal institution for the criminally insane in Springfield, Missouri." As he does so frequently throughout the article, Epstein delivers a version which if developed fully would throw a different light on the matter. Nagell *was* in a plane crash, but he was given Intelligence training *after* his recovery, indicating that he had no permanent brain injury. Moreover, the fact that he stood trial implies that he was legally sane. Recently, he was released from Leavenworth Penitentiary—he had been at Springfield only temporarily.

The publication of the Epstein article came at an opportune time for Clay Shaw. Obtaining advance copies, his attorneys entered it as evidence before a three-judge federal panel which was hearing arguments that the DA was "conducting a reign of terror" and "persecuting" the defendant. Apparently the panel was unimpressed, for it unanimously rejected the defense's argument and ordered the case to trial.

If Garrison does get his day in court—a day Epstein has struggled to deny him—chances are his case will hold up better than The New Yorker's brief for the defense.

—WILLIAM TURNER

[Law]

"HERE COME DE JUDGE"

CONSIDER THE REVOLT ON THE LEFT if the following occured:

The President, on the eve of his abdication, arranged to accept the resignation of the chief justice of the United States Supreme Court in order to replace him with the President's former lawyer, then an associate justice;

As a parlay, the President submitted to the Senate the name of his oldest hand-holding crony to fill the vacancy created by the promotion of his former lawyer;

The chief justice, who had written a famous report designed to satisfy the people that the assassination of the President's predecessor was sans conspiracy and the sole act of a demented mind, conditioned his resignation on the Senate's approval of the appointments;

The President's ex-lawyer, when called to testify before a Senate committee, conceded that during his three years on the high court he had continued to act as the President's advisor;

That pursuant to this role, he had sat in on numerous cabinet-level meetings, but that he had merely "summarized" the views of others for the benefit of the President;

That as a justice he had dressed down a prominent businessman who had criticized war spending, though whether his call was made at the President's request he could not say and remain faithful to the Separation of Powers;

That the businessman had retracted his statement, though in the end it proved to be accurate;

That the justice could not answer questions concerning his judicial opinions since the Constitution specifies that members of Congress may not be questioned about their acts in any place other than in Congress;

That despite this asserted Constitutional bar, the justice pointed to his dissenting vote against extending the one-man-one-vote principle to local government as proof of his devotion to State's rights;

That although he had been at the President's disposal as advisor-summarizer, he had never been involved in discussions that could conceivably reach the Court;

That the issues under discussion at the top-level meetings had ranged from the Vietnam War to riots in the cities;

That the justice had voted to jail draft card burners and had voted against taking up for consideration the legality of the war;

That he voted to give the police sweeping rights to stop-and-frisk suspects on suspicion alone;

That within two months of his proposed elevation he had authored a booklet, "Concerning Dissent and Disobedience," which limited the *moral* right to disobey laws to those "basically offensive to fundamental values of life or the Constitution" and held that even in such cases no legal defense could be urged, but jailing must be willingly accepted;

That shortly after that book was published, the justice denounced, in a rare interview from Washington, the activities of some of the Columbia University protestors as "totally inexcusable from the point of even primitive morality";

That during his first term on the Court, he cast the deciding vote upholding the conviction and five-year sentence of Ralph Ginzburg for "pandering" a non-obscene magazine;

That during each of his three terms he nearly always voted for business interests and against efforts to cut down the trusts;

That throughout his years on the Court he was widely rumored to have been one of the President's most hawkish advisors on the Vietnam War.

Consider the revolt on the left if anything like this happened in 1968.

—SIDNEY E. ZION

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"AARRGGH!"

(Above is the verbatim testimonial of a typically confused subscriber who can't tell our journalism from our satire; as a matter of principle there are never any labels in The Realist *because we prefer readers to dig their own incredibility gap. Below are the highlights of our five most* "Aarrrggh!" *issues; they cost $1 or they're free with a subscription.)*

"The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book"— the feature that caused the largest number of subscription cancellations in 9 years; plus **"Case History of the Manchester Caper"** — a follow-up on the background and repercussions of that feature.

Cartoons — the offensive ones by pros like Ed Fisher that get rejected by commercial periodicals; and spreads created specifically for **The Realist** — the Disneyland Memorial Orgy, the Junkie Battalion, Ed Sorel's **I've Got Rhythm** movie poster.

"The Cynic Route from Crazy SANE to Loving Haight"— all about cheerleaders at a peace rally; the LSD game; behind the scenes with the Diggers, the Joe Pyne show and the League for Sexual Freedom.

Celebrity Mucking—"An Impolite Interview with Woody Allen"; Steve Allen describes a bizarre dinner with William F. Buckley; "Dick Gregory and His Mississippi Airlift"; Norman Mailer's speech at Berkeley.

"Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America"— a legacy of the McCarran Act, still ready and waiting — revisited by Charles R. Allen, the man who first broke the story in 1952.

Soft-Core Pornography — the obscene telephone calling service; the homosexual editor of a girlie magazine; in defense of those little comic books that men like.

"Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game"— three contemporary films and how they relate to **Great Moments in Violence,** from Tompkins Sq. Park to LBJ's $1000-a-plate bash; latterday hedonism, from hippyland to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire; and infamous personalities, from Mort Sahl to Herman Kahn.

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Festivals and Finks

THIS YEAR, FOR ONCE, the CIA didn't try to bust up the communist youth festival, held in Sofia. The principal reason for the Agency's inactivity was a scandal which broke on the European left in June of this year, over CIA sponsorship of the International Union of Socialist Youth (IUSY).

The IUSY, composed of the youth groups of the various European Social Democratic Parties plus some African, Asian and other student organizations, has always been notoriously anticommunist. However, until the publication in Norway of private correspondence of the organization's general secretary, Jan Haekkerup, no one knew that the IUSY was on the payroll of the CIA.

What the letters—pilfered from the files of the Norwegian Young Socialist League—revealed was that the IUSY had been receiving about $50,000 per year of CIA money since 1957, via the Foundation for Youth and Students Affairs (FYSA) and the International Research Service (IRS), both 100 per cent CIA operations. The money was intended for the IUSY's work in cultivating anticommunist student leaders in the Third World.

By the admission of IUSY officers themselves, the social democratic youth movement of the 1960's was *entirely* dependent on the CIA for the financing of all its international activities. When the communist youth festivals came around, the CIA usually threw in a little extra money to put on a special show.

At the 1959 festival in Vienna, for example, the IUSY ran an "anti-festival," where the "other side of the story" was presented by American youths carrying placards reading "remember Hungary" and literature printed at CIA expense.

At the Helsinki Festival in 1962, FYSA and IRS both set up shop in hotel rooms; the operations were staffed by Frank Ferari and a man named Harshman who passed out money to the IUSY-affiliated social democratic youth. According to the Wall Street Journal, IRS alone spent a total of $40,000 on such things as propaganda literature, jazz concerts and scholarships for Third World delegates.

However, by the time of this year's Sofia festival, the situation had become much more delicate. For the first time in a decade, the festival was being held in a communist country, thus severely limiting the amount of disruption feasible. More important, because of the RAMPARTS revelations about the relations between the student movement and the CIA, the communists were looking for CIA money behind the socialist youth groups.

Still, the IUSY, having ridden the CIA gravy train for so long, did not want to see its customary youth festival bonus go down the drain. Therefore the IUSY and the FYSA worked out a devious little arrangement which was abruptly exposed in a letter written from Jan Haekkerup to Ola Teigen, a leader of AUF, the Norwegian affiliate of IUSY. Haekkerup carefully explained his negotiations in New York with Harry Lunn, former National Student Association (NSA) president (1954-55) and subsequently a CIA agent with the International Research Service and FYSA, and with another CIA moneyman from IRS, to prepare the ground for the festival in Sofia.

"If the Foundation had given me as much as I asked for," Haekkerup explains, "and not only a part of it . . ." the IUSY would not be in financial difficulties. However, Haekkerup says, the operations in Sofia may still be possible through special funding from the CIA. "There is no invitation yet . . . but I did use some of my time in the United States to discuss the festival, and especially the financial arrangements. My negotiations were partly held with Lunn from FYSA . . . and partly with the people from the International Research Service."

What Haekkerup did was present to the foundation men conditions for IUSY acceptance of CIA money: "No anti-festival propaganda," demanded Haekkerup. "That would be stupid after the CIA affair." The second condition was ". . . that the name of IUSY must not be mentioned in the procurement of money . . . and the information concerning our [financial] support must not be made public in the United States."

And finally, "The money is to be sent to IUSY through transfer accounts which appear to be respectable: that is, it has to be plausible that the person or the organization in whose name this account is established could actually contribute the amount of money needed to support us." Haekkerup's plan was to use the more conservative member organizations of IUSY as conduits for CIA money: "The organizations could explain . . . that they had started a fund drive. . . . This would be the safest way that IUSY has ever received money. . . ."

With the discovery of Haekkerup's letter, all bets for Sofia were off. The Bulgarians informed the IUSY that it had "excluded itself from participation."

SO FOR ONCE THE World Youth Festival went off without a hitch?

Well, not quite. With the CIA out of the running, trouble for the Bulgarians came not from the right but from the left. On the Saturday before the festival opened, a group of Czech students was turned back at the Bulgarian-Yugoslav border by guards who objected to their "unkempt appearance." The students went back and put on cleaner clothes, but were again stopped, so they held a sit-in right there on the highway. Bulgarian police drove them back into Yugoslavia.

On Monday, a group of German students demonstrated in front of the U.S. Embassy in Sofia, shouting their customary slogan, "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh," bringing on more Bulgarian cops.

And finally, on the last day of the festival, the Yugoslav delegation called a press conference to denounce the "unwarranted security measures," the "limited freedom of speech" and "the effort to impose upon the festival certain concepts of a narrow ideological and sectarian unity."

There is a conference scheduled for late August, in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, cosponsored by the German SDS. Most of the radical student groups of Europe and North America have been invited. The conference is entitled "Anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist struggles and student revolts: analysis and strategy"—a far cry from the slogan of the World Youth Festival of last month: "Solidarity, Peace, Friendship." This time there will be no complaints about the way the Czech students are dressed. A new Student International? Perhaps. . . . In any case, neither the Social Democrats nor the CIA are invited.

—JOHN SPITZER

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In My Nation

by James Resting

FIERY VINEYARD, VERMONT: From this cool mountain oasis of civilization, one can begin to assess the unprecedented danger facing my republic. There is a fundamental, essential, basic, philosophical question facing my restless nation these days. This philosophical, basic, essential, fundamental question is: can the institutions of democracy survive?

On the one hand, there is confusion and dissatisfaction at all levels of my society. Institutions are malfunctioning; the primaries have proven indecisive; there is no one left to fill the void left by Robert Kennedy and Henry Cabot Lodge; students protest, but they offer no constructive alternatives; the self-styled hippies are vulgar and nihilistic, but they may well serve an instructive purpose as a lesson for us all.

On the same hand, nationwide strikes threaten to close schools and universities for a generation. The Colored in my nation, just four short years after the incredible moral triumphs at Selma, Atlantic City and in the Halls of Congress, have used up the sympathies with which to free themselves from the concentration camps in which they may be placed. The Federal Food Stamp Program, which promised so much for my nation's hungry and poor, can hardly keep pace with the spread of famine and pestilence. The guerrilla struggles in Laos, Thailand, Guatemala, Bolivia, Chile, Canada, Mexico, Upper Volta and Tristan da Cunha show little sign of abating, regardless of the measured response of my nation's leaders by dispatching troops to quell them. Furthermore, there are some indications that the Foreign Aid Program, which promised so much to the peoples of those restless and dissatisfied nations, has been less than a success.

On the other hand, there is much to be thankful for. Here in Fiery Vineyard, there is full employment, no nihilistic protest demonstrating and very little dope addiction. People still go to their favorite temples of worship, and they pray without totalitarian obstruction to the God of their choice. Traffic laws are obeyed; there is no political polarization; there is a sense of national purpose.

On the same hand, great men wait in the wings of history. But they are like great relief pitchers, in the bottom of the ninth, two on, two out, the crowd expectant, the pennant at stake, the very World Series in the balance, thunder clouds at the lip of the bleachers: they know the pitches, they have the experience, they are familiar with crisis, and they encompass the capabilities needed to save the game. But entrenched and willful managers, blinded by petty concerns and historical obtuseness, will not send them onto the mound of history.

They are men like Clark Kerr, Ralph Bunche, John McCloy, Grayson Kirk, Turner Catledge, Clifton Daniel, John McCone, Robert McNamara, David Rockefeller, Thomas Watson, John Gardner, James Perkins, Kingman Brewster, Thomas Kuchel, Eric Sevareid, Roy Wilkins, Edward Brooke, Milton Eisenhower, General Maxwell Taylor, Averell Harriman, McGeorge Bundy, and many more.

These are men who embody all that is best in the Judaeo-Christian ethic. They refuse to be discouraged by the negative voices of despair and nihilism sweeping the land. They are men of proven ability and experience. Their interests are the interests of all of us. If they fail, democracy fails, and we shall be in the fix described by that great Celtic poet, W. B. Yeats:

Things fall apart
The centre cannot hold
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world
The best lack all conviction
The worst are full of passionate intensity.

[*Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson are on vacation*]

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Inside Reporting

by Rolling Events & Robert Nofact

BELWETHER, ARKANSAS, AUGUST 5: On a missed telephone call at a pay booth not far from this vital center of moderate Republicanism, the fate of modern, pragmatic GOP politics may hang. The super-secret phone call was from the private secretary of capable Ray Bliss, the pragmatic, tough-minded, hard-nosed boss of the Grand Old Party. Its one purpose was to warn Senator Thirsty Morton (R-Tennessee), the crafty old pro who is trying to hold the party together in this crisis-ridden year, of a sinister takeover plot by the extremeblackpowernewleft.

This top-secret plot was hatched in the dingy, poster-plastered office of RAMPARTS magazine editor Allard Lowenstein, under a bigger-than-life picture of Cuban revolutionary Che Guevara.

What this frantic clandestine phone call would have revealed was that well-heeled but naive Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller is an unknowing pawn of the extremeblackpowernewleft.

The plot, indistinguishable from the tactics used by extremists of the NLF, the political arm of the Viet Cong, is a design to take over "by any means necessary" a moderate nonviolent protest group of concerned Republican Negro morticians in Little Rock, with the aim of allying it with the revolutionary Arkansas Freedom Republican Party, nominally committed to Nelson Rockefeller for GOP Presidential candidate.

Actually, practical politics is the last thing on the minds of this conniving group of nihilistic students and Black Power advocates. Their real objective is to destroy "the system" by bringing the GOP Convention to a grinding halt in front of nationwide color television, duping the American people into thinking that democracy does not work.

This column went from house to house in this small weathervane town in the tornado belt, in the capable hands of the incorruptible Belwether County GOP chairman, Mrs. Gloria Belwether, widowed heiress of an old line local family, whose grandfather opposed the nomination of bearded extremeblackpowernewleft guru Abraham Lincoln.

This poll, based on a carefully selected cross-section of eight blue-collar workers, three strip-miners, a tenant-farmer and Mrs. Belwether's maid, revealed that Republicans all over America want a return to the vital center of modern, pragmatic, capable, tough-minded, hard-nosed, can-win politics. Senator Martin, the son-in-law of eloquent Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, represents that vital center.

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Welcome to Chicago

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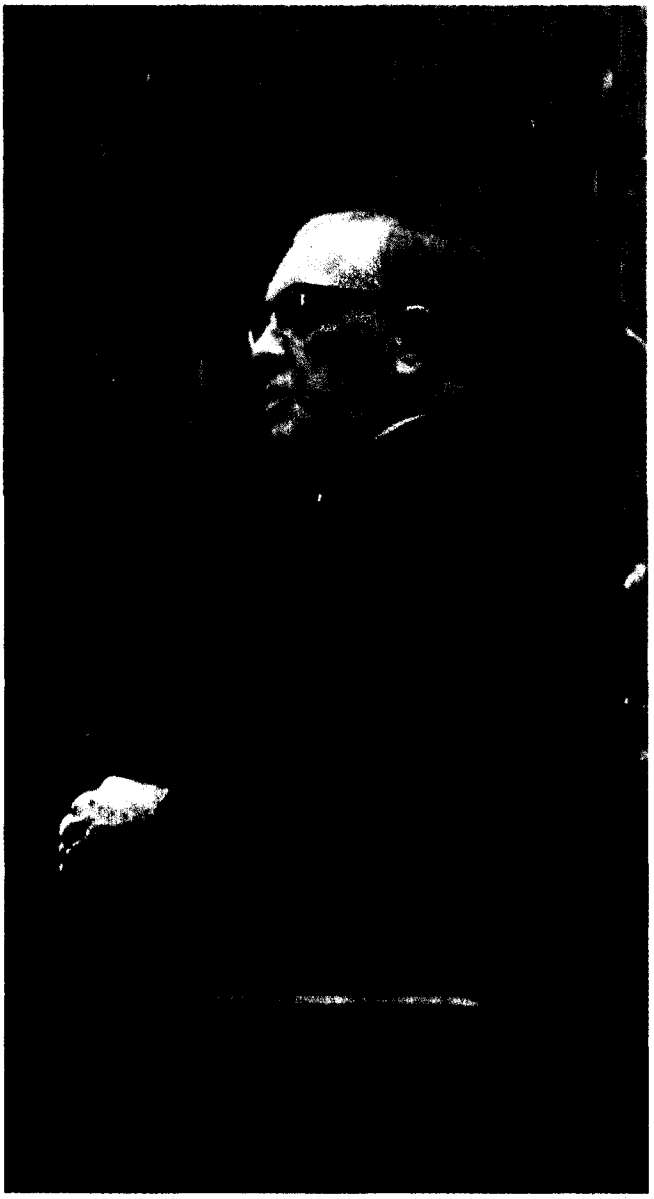
"Anyone who says there's a ghetto doesn't know Chicago. . . . I have lived in Chicago all my life and I still say we have no ghettos in Chicago."
—MAYOR RICHARD J. DALEY



The dignitaries of the Democratic Party will travel by helicopter from their downtown hotels to the International Amphitheater near the stockyards, site of the convention. They will fly back and forth over the shiny new John Hancock skyscraper, the newly erected skeleton of the First National Bank building, the glassy acres of lakefront high-rises. It is a fitting symbol for this convention: the men who choose their Party's nominee will see Chicago only from the top and avoid those urban realities which can only be seen from the bottom up.

The men who run Chicago point proudly to the fact that in 1966 the average household income in the area was $9478. What they don't mention is that for

Continued on page 20

Photographs by
Lowen Berman & Glen Thureson

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IN 1965, MAYOR DALEY said that all of Chicago's slums would be gone by 1967. This was the same year that Secretary of Defense McNamara said that all the troops in Vietnam would be home for Christmas.

An old Chicago "slum clearance" project was Robert Taylor Homes (above), the world's largest public housing project, extending for two miles along Chicago's South Side Street. Built in the early '50s, it houses 28,000 persons, all of them black and a majority of them on welfare. The buildings are a self-contained world—"high-rise concentration camps," Dick Gregory has called them—of crime, malfunctioning electricity and plumbing, density without community or public space.

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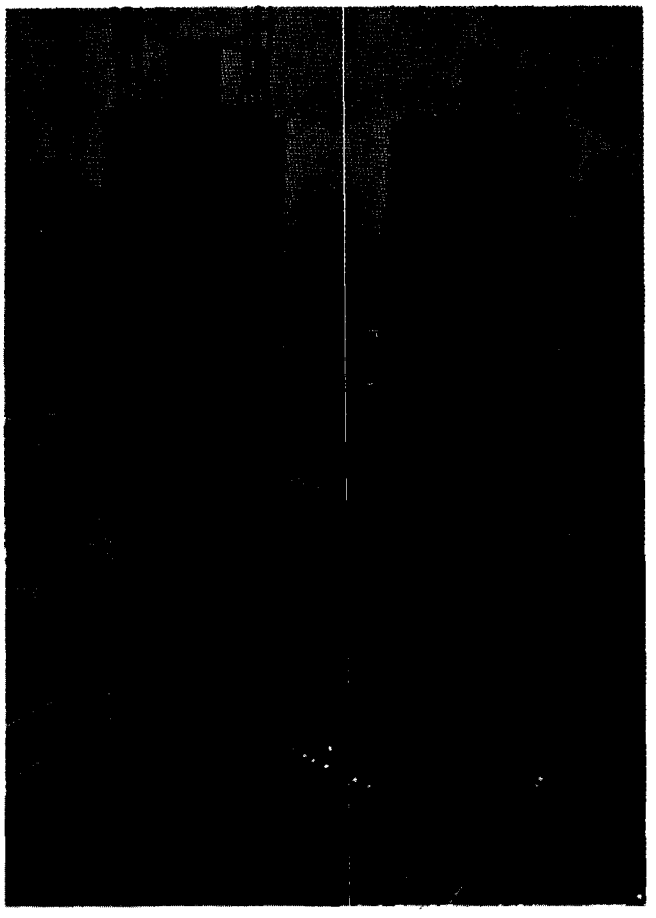
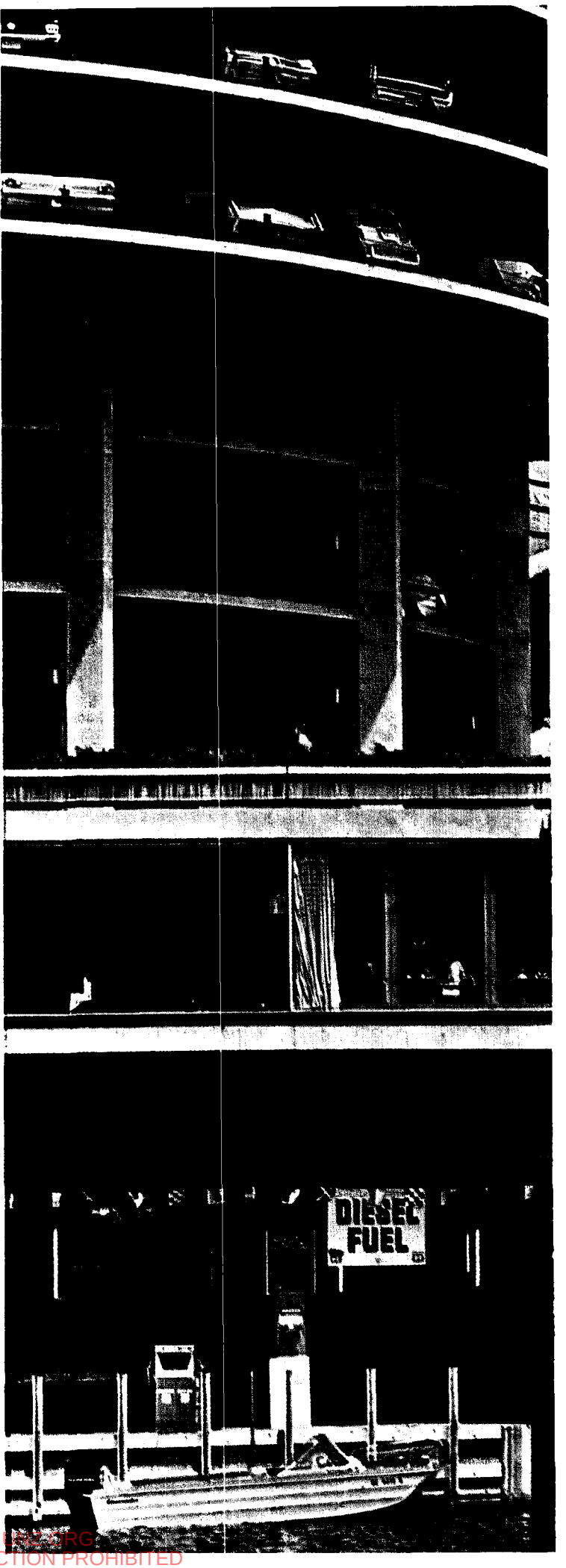
the same year, the Negro American Labor Council estimated that 400,000 Chicago workers were each taking home less than $3000 in yearly wages; that the yearly wage for thousands of workers in Chicago's large manufacturing businesses is low, even lower than some places in the South. They don't mention how much worse all this is for the residents of Chicago's sprawling ghettos, and that black laborers earn up to





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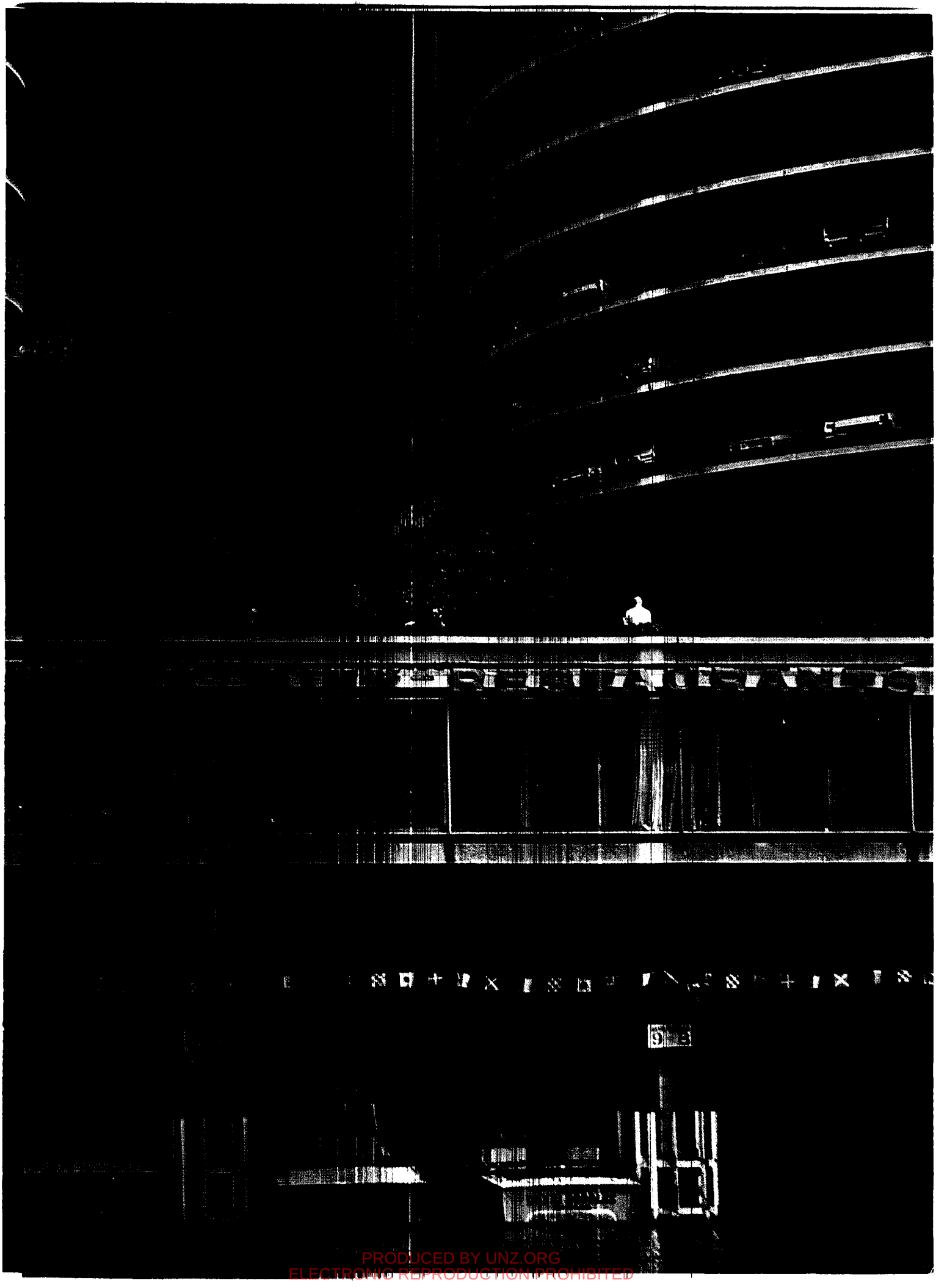

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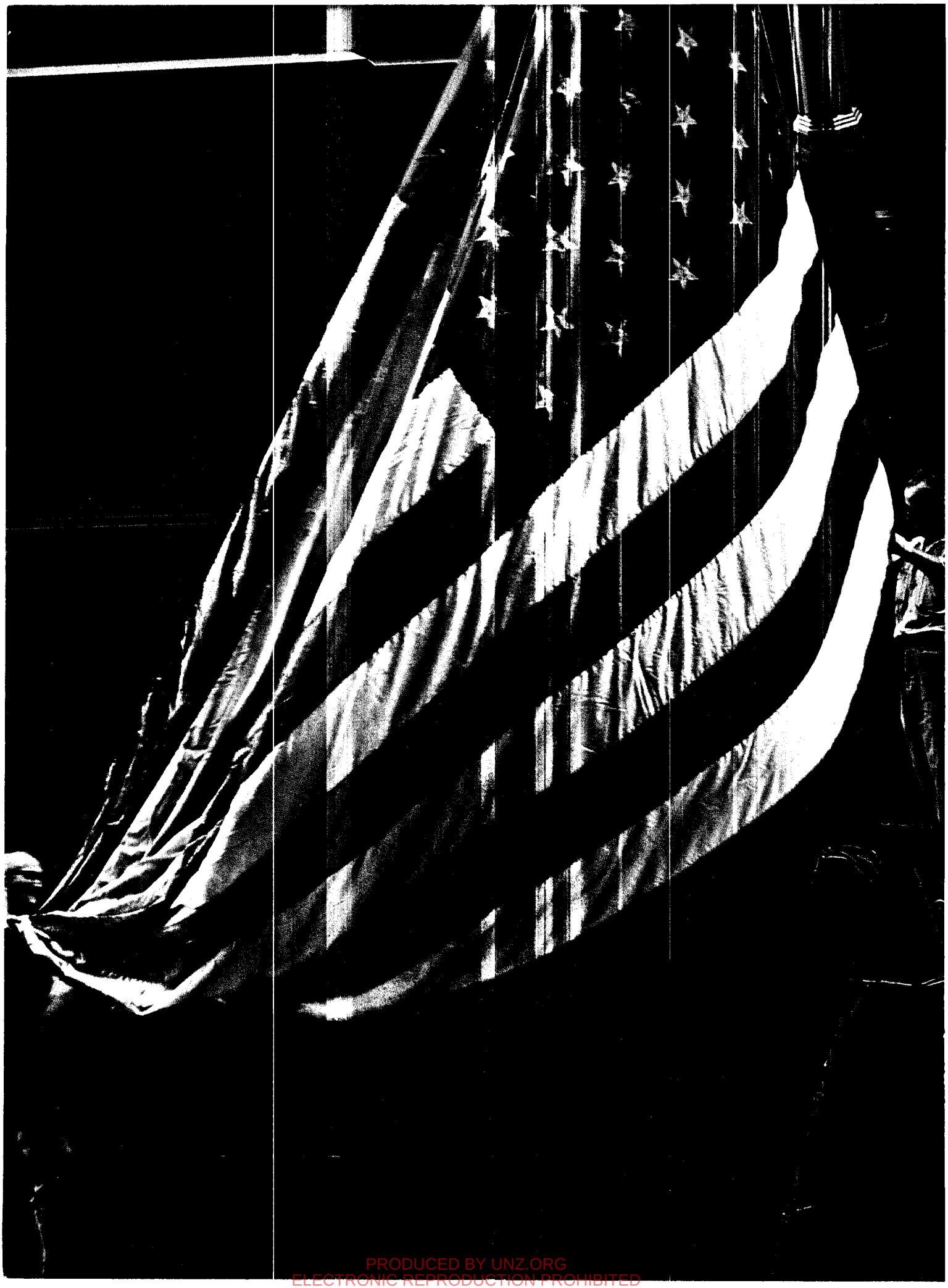

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32 cents an hour less than whites of comparable age and education.

The men who run Chicago are not concerned with these facts, but with maintaining the opulence and efficiency over which delegates will be flying in their helicopters. Proving that civic-mindedness and personal greed are not incompatible qualities, these men are trying to make Chicago safe for people like themselves and for the middle class they have trained to work for them. While they have restored Chicago's failing downtown area and made it into a paradise of corporate headquarters, department stores and apartment towers, they have concerned themselves with the ghetto mainly by relocating its people through urban renewal schemes and turning much of its governance over to a coterie of Uncle Tom politicians hand-picked for the job.

The men who run Chicago—working with Mayor Richard Daley, their colleague within city government —have immersed themselves in the affairs of the city and remade its face in their own image. Because their business is, first and foremost, business, they must ride roughshod over the health, justice, equality and self-determination of the rest of the community. But they are not ogres, these men who run Chicago, nor are they faceless. They are real individuals, and it is not accidental that those of them who are not Republicans will be at the International Amphitheater in an Illinois delegation accustomed to no-primary politics.

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[Welcome to Chicago]

Meet the Men Who Own It

[VIGNETTE #1. URBAN RENEWAL: MAKING CHICAGO SAFE FOR SKYSCRAPERS]

JAMES DOWNS IS A small-time millionaire in real estate, and he is the ideological voice of Chicago's powerful downtown property owners. In the '50s, he was directly involved in city government as housing and development coordinator; now he is indirectly involved as chairman of the board of the Real Estate Research Corporation, which has prepared 15 planning studies of the Loop for the Central Area Committee, private developers and Mayor Daley.

Since the death of Holman Pettibone, a leader in central district planning and head of the Chicago Title and Trust Company, Downs, a board member of Pettibone's bank, has filled the role of spokesman for Chicago's business interests. Some of the more astute aficionados of power-brokerage say that Downs lacks the power of his mentor; yet he is the key link between City Hall and the real estate interests, and his thesis—that urban renewal should serve business, not the urban poor—has been one of Chicago's central assumptions since Downs helped draft the 1958 business manifesto, "Development Plan for the Central Area of Chicago." Recently, Downs outlined his views more precisely in a theoretical work called *The Demand for Land in Central Urban Areas*. "Now that many of the very worst rock-bottom slums have largely been eliminated," he wrote, ". . . there has been a gradual shift from the simple elimination of blight as an overriding public necessity to the use of urban renewal techniques to support and enhance our urban economies. . . . It is our opinion that this shift in primary emphasis . . . is a correct, desirable and needed one."

Basic to Downs' theory of urban renewal is the notion that slums really don't exist anymore. And given Downs' influence with the mayor, it is no accident that this view is echoed by voices within the Daley machine. (Downs' son-in-law, David Stahl, is deputy mayor in charge of, among other things, Chicago's summer counterinsurgency program). As the mayor himself put it, "Anyone who says there's a ghetto doesn't know Chicago . . . I have lived in Chicago all my life and I still say we have no ghettos in Chicago."

"Marketability," Downs says, "should be of increasing importance as a criterion to be explicitly considered in proposing priorities of project selection." Moreover, nothing is so marketable as the prime central areas of the big cities, especially if they are translated into air-conditioned, aluminum-and-glass office buildings. Not only are these buildings "marketable," they are the key to profits and prosperity for the whole of the city's downtown interests.

Downs' insights, as implemented by the Daley Administration, have made the city quite livable for the middle class. For over 15 years, the face of Chicago has been altered by the nation's most sweeping urban renewal program, by half a billion dollars' worth of expressways, and by an explosion of high-rise residential and office developments in the heart of the city. Every one of these projects has been planned according to an unwritten set of principles agreed upon by the city's leading businessmen and implemented by its government. And in this connection, Richard Daley's role has been no less important than that of James Downs. Daley's predecessor, Mayor Martin Kennelly, got along well with business but very poorly with the political machine; Daley gets along well with business and owns the machine.

Since 1955, when the newly created Central Area Committee was pushing the first of its ambitious plans for situating office buildings and high-priced apartments at the northern end of the Loop, Daley has been a booster of the schemes of the real estate power structure for building a shinier, more painless Chicago. Visitors to the Democratic Convention will see two enormous office buildings nearing completion—the 60-story First National Bank Building and the 100-story John Hancock Center, already fully rented—as well as other towers completed during Daley's tenure: the Prudential and Brunswick buildings, the Continental Plaza, the Civic Center and the Federal Building. Each of these houses thousands of middle-class office workers, an increasing number of whom live in nearby high rises and patronize the leading downtown merchants—Marshall Field, Carson, Pirie Scott and Company. The Loop area, considered doomed in the early '50s because of the flight to the suburbs by the upper middle class, is now substantially revitalized. Its realty managers, merchants and bankers are recording high profits, and no one is happier than Mayor Daley, who is supported for reelection by citizens' committees comprised of nearly every chairman of the board and president of Chicago's largest businesses.

This prosperity does not extend to the outlying neighborhoods or to the three million people who neither own nor control the businesses in these glass towers. In 1966, the Negro American Labor Council estimated that 400,000 Chi-

by Clark Kissinger & Paul Booth

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cago workers were taking home less than $3000 each in yearly wages. The average annual wage in industry in Chicago is distinctly second-rate; in fact, it is lower than in 24 other major areas in the midwest, lower even than two in the South. Among the city's one million black people, the situation is even worse: unemployment runs as high as 48 per cent in some of the city's slums. And a black janitor who *has* a job, for instance, is likely to earn ten cents less per hour than a white co-worker of comparable age, education and work experience. According to a 1967 study by an MIT economist, the black materials-handler is short-changed 32 cents an hour; the black manual laborer, 24 cents an hour.

Downs' theory deals with slums and slum-dwellers only by implication. He starts with the observation that the social life of a downtown area must be understood in its entire complexity, and then planned wholesale. The sagging fortunes of the high-class department stores could not have been shored up simply by constructing expensive housing around the fringes of the Loop. Only if it became clear that the offices of the future would be housed in the Loop—that is, if it could be shown that the giant corporations would not one day follow their executives to the suburbs—would the customers for those stores be attracted back to residences in the city. Whatever the official rhetoric, not a single housing unit for low-income people or the aged has been built within walking distance of the Loop, while facilities for the class of people who staff the city's businesses have mushroomed.

During the 25 years prior to 1966, Chicago displaced 200,000 people from their homes to make way for urban renewal and expressway construction. Over 80 per cent were black. Of the families displaced by urban renewal, 3100 have been provided with public housing. As for the rest, a study completed in August 1965, using the city's own statistics, found that the displaced families paid an average of $22 a month more for rent than they had in their previous homes.

Of the 510 acres of urban renewal land sold, the majority has gone to public institutions and nonprofit private institutions like the Universities of Chicago and Illinois and various medical centers. No one argues that universities, private hospitals and upper middle-class people don't need land to move onto, only that the need of the vast majority of the people for housing and community facilities should come first.

Downs favors replacing fast-buck absentee landlords with more subtle absentees whose financial ambitions are set in a more long-range perspective. "The public as a whole usually benefits from a transfer into more dynamic hands," as he puts it. The "dynamic hands" he has in mind are the developers and the speculators. Chicago has its share of these men because Mayor Daley has put money and the city's power of eminent domain at their disposal through the urban renewal program, and has shown them the great profitable vistas of public/private partnership.

Planning is not a neutral science; some people gain from it and others are hurt. If the profit motive weren't so powerfully at work in urban renewal, if the imperative of providing adequate low-priced housing really predominated, then apartments in Woodlawn and Englewood wouldn't be so overcrowded, and the slum renewal plans would have a chance of success. It is not accidental that the poor of Chicago are living seven-deep; it is the logical consequence of unstated but planned priorities, with the interests of business resting securely at the top.

[VIGNETTE #2. BOND SALES:
A NEW CURRENCY FOR THE IDLE RICH]

DAVID M. KENNEDY IS CHAIRMAN of the board of the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company, Chicago's largest and the nation's eighth largest commercial bank. As dean of Chicago's financial community, Kennedy also sits on the boards of Commonwealth Edison, International Harvester, Swift and Company, Pullman, Abbott Labs and U.S. Gypsum. As a member of the national corporate elite, he serves on the boards of the Communications Satellite Corporation and the Committee for Economic Development; as an educator, he is director of International Educational Broadcasting and a trustee of the Brookings Institution and the University of Chicago.

Scion of a Utah banking family, Kennedy finished college during the depression and then went to work for the Federal Reserve System where, over a period of years, he became an expert on the bond market. At the end of World War II, he became vice president in charge of the bond department at Continental Illinois, where his rise to chairmanship of the board was interrupted only by a year's leave to serve as an assistant to the secretary of the Treasury during former President Eisenhower's first term in office.

Today, David Kennedy heads Mayor Richard Daley's prestigious Committee for Economic and Cultural Development, one of several blue-ribbon commissions with which the mayor shares executive responsibility. The CECD is an official body and receives its financing from the city.

In his capacity as chairman of this committee, Kennedy visited Mayor Daley one morning in March 1966. With him were the committee members, who included heads of the Building Managers Association, the city and county bar associations, the State Street Council, the Urban League, the Jewish Federation, the Retail Merchants Association, the Chicago Federation of Labor, the Metropolitan Housing and Planning Council, the Chamber of Commerce and the Inter-Religious Council on Urban Affairs. Also represented were the Office of Urban Affairs of the Chicago Catholic archdiocese, the Chicago Real Estate Board and the NAACP. While television cameras turned, Kennedy told the mayor's representative that what Chicago needed to solve its urban ills was a municipal bond issue of at least $100 million.

Those small municipalities which build a new high school or sewage plant once every 75 years or so can use bond issues as a practical way to finance capital improvements, spreading their cost over a number of years. But for the large metropolitan areas engaged in continuous building programs, financing such improvements through bond issues only pushes the costs into the next political administration, with the enormous added burden of interest due.

Unlike U.S. Savings Bonds, municipal bonds are held only by the very rich. Of the $113 billion outstanding in Chicago bonds in 1967, about 40 per cent was held by banks; 35 per cent by individuals, partnerships and trusts; 13 per cent by insurance companies, and the rest by corporations and miscellaneous investors. And with the war in Vietnam soaking up available capital, municipal bonds are now offering interest rates of around five per cent—the equivalent, since interest on municipal bonds is tax-exempt, of a ten per cent return for a man in a 50 per cent tax bracket.

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But David M. Kennedy, the bond expert, knew what he was doing. Directed from beginning to end by bankers, the 1966 campaign for the bond issues was the greatest ever waged in Chicago, a city that has seen more than its share of bond elections. A group calling itself the "Citizens Bond Committee for a Greater Chicago" set up plush offices in the Loop, and Kennedy was duly installed as its chairman, although the operational duties of the campaign fell to James Rutherford, retired vice president of Prudential Life Insurance, and George Scheuppert, one of Kennedy's aides at Continental Illinois. According to its own figures, the Citizens Committee spent at least $100,000 to promote the bonds.

Elated by the press response to his "recommendation," Kennedy—with Mayor Daley's easily obtained assent—boldly upped the proposed bond issue to $195 million, announcing that the funds would be used for construction of sewers, garbage disposal projects, street and alley lighting, transit and municipal buildings. His first step was to seek the approval of the Chicago Planning Commission—a legal necessity that posed no challenge since the commissioners are appointed by the mayor's office. After Kennedy made the presentation, stressing that "the intelligent use of municipal debt financing" could help Chicago in its economic competition with other cities, the commission unanimously approved the proposal.

The next step Kennedy took to promote the cause was to arrange for an open hearing before the City Council's Finance Committee (which was chaired by Tom Keane, Daley's floor leader in the council). The measure was hustled through with only two dissents, registered by Alderman Leon Despres, an independent Democrat from the Hyde Park area near the University of Chicago, and Alderman John Hoellen, a conservative Republican. Then the bond issue was presented at a meeting of the City Council, which passed it after the mayor, chairing the meeting, curtailed any real discussion of the question.

During the month of May, Kennedy's committee used all of its leverage to promote the bonds. The first step was to hustle endorsements from the city's organizations and send them to the obliging daily newspapers. Next, rallies were held in every district, featuring civic leaders who described the improvements that would be made in that very neighborhood if its residents were to vote for the bond issue. Third, the city's police, firemen and garbage collectors were mobilized to campaign for the issue. Meanwhile, Kennedy's committee was using its considerable financial assets to deluge the city with billboards, bus posters and leaflets, all touting the bonds in glowing terms.

As Earl Bush, Daley's press secretary, said about the bonds, "They just couldn't lose." They didn't. And when it came time to open the sealed bids for the first batch of bonds, the winner was a syndicate of 30 banks and investment houses headed by Kennedy's own Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust. The Continental group bought $10.5 million of Chicago Electric Street Lighting Bonds, to be retired between 1977 and 1986 at a total interest return of $6.7 million. The banks also collected an impressive commission on the sale of the bonds.

During the campaign, Kennedy had promised that taxes would not go up as a result of the bond issue. The fact that they did was apparently not held against Richard Daley when he ran for reelection in 1967; he won by a large majority. Indeed, the "Non-Partisan Committee for the Reelection of Mayor Daley" collected so much money in campaign contributions from the Chicago business community that refunds were made after the election. Co-chairman of the Non-Partisan Committee was that outstanding citizen of Northfield, Illinois, David M. Kennedy. Just returning a favor.

[VIGNETTE #3. CIVIL RIGHTS: CLOSING KING'S NORTHERN FRONT]

BENJAMIN HEINEMAN IS A RAILROAD MAN. As befits the president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, he also has seats on the boards of the First National Bank of Chicago, Illinois Bell Telephone and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Heineman is a trustee for the national Committee for Economic Development, and like David Kennedy, he is interested in education; he is a member of the Citizens Advisory Committee of the University of Illinois and a trustee of the University of Chicago.

Heineman's grandfather was a millionaire lumberman in Wisconsin, and Heineman himself began his career as a corporate attorney. In the early '50s, he became legal counsel for a group seeking to gain control of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad. After he successfully won a proxy fight in 1954, the group installed him as head of the company; following a similar proxy fight in 1956, Heineman became head of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. More recently, he has been fighting for control of the Rock Island Line.

How Ben Heineman turned the Chicago and Northwestern from an $8 million loser in 1956 into a $26 million winner by 1966 has become Chicago's equivalent of the Horatio Alger story. Boldly slashing money-losing passenger runs, introducing split-level commuter cars, and installing a new management structure—these are the techniques to which most people credit his success. Seldom mentioned, however, is the way in which Heineman used his political "clout" (the Chicago term for influence) to delay the extension of rapid transit toward the median strip of the Northwest Expressway.

But Heineman's talents have found an outlet in yet another direction. In the words of Chicago's American magazine, Heineman is a "social affairs troubleshooter for President Johnson, Governor Kerner, and Mayor Daley." In this context, he first gained notoriety for his role as chairman of the 1966 White House Conference on Civil Rights, at which Floyd McKissick intended to introduce the issue of the Vietnam War. A floor fight was looming over whether "non-civil rights" issues could be considered by the conference, and the result could have been a walkout by McKissick and others. But Hubert Humphrey delivered a long civil rights oration, and before the crowd had stopped applauding, Heineman quickly called for a vote on the adoption of the conference's orders. When asked why he thought President Johnson had chosen him to head this conference, Heineman modestly replied, "Perhaps it's because I've tried to be a good citizen."

THOMAS G. AYERS IS A UTILITIES MAN. President of Commonwealth Edison Company, he also serves on the boards of the First National Bank, Zenith Radio and G. D. Searle (birth control pill manufacturers). He lives in suburban Glen Ellen, belongs to the appropriate business associations and private clubs, is a trustee of Northwestern University and in 1966 was president of the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry.

Commonwealth Edison is the fifth largest utility in the

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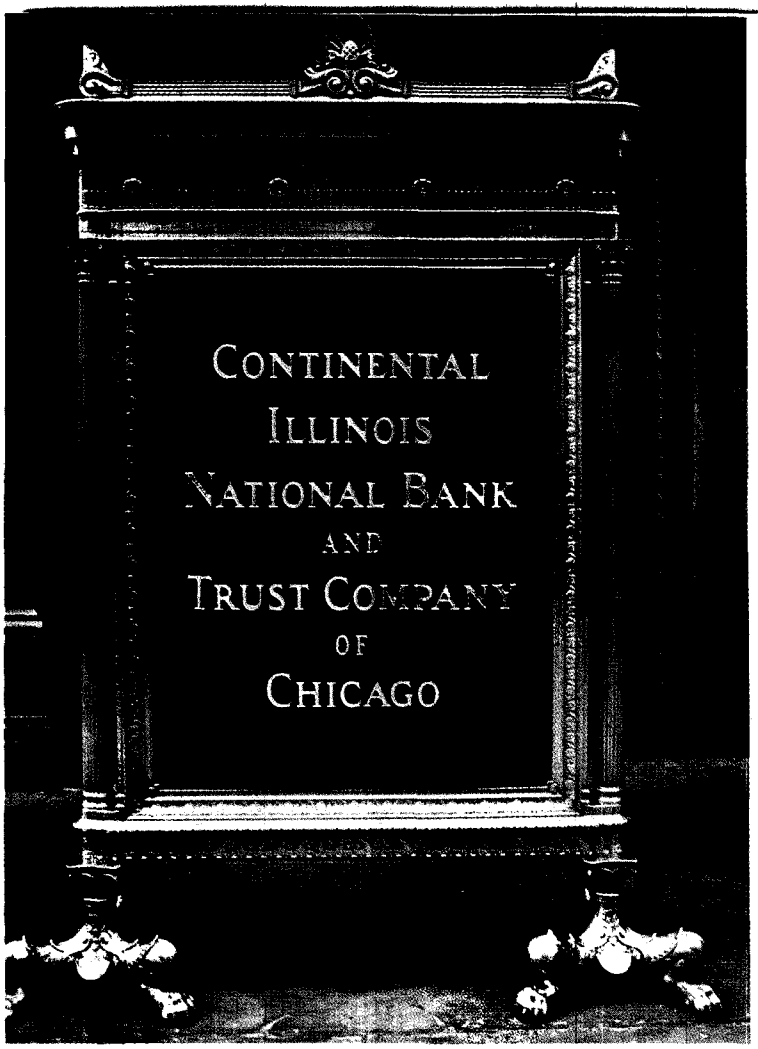

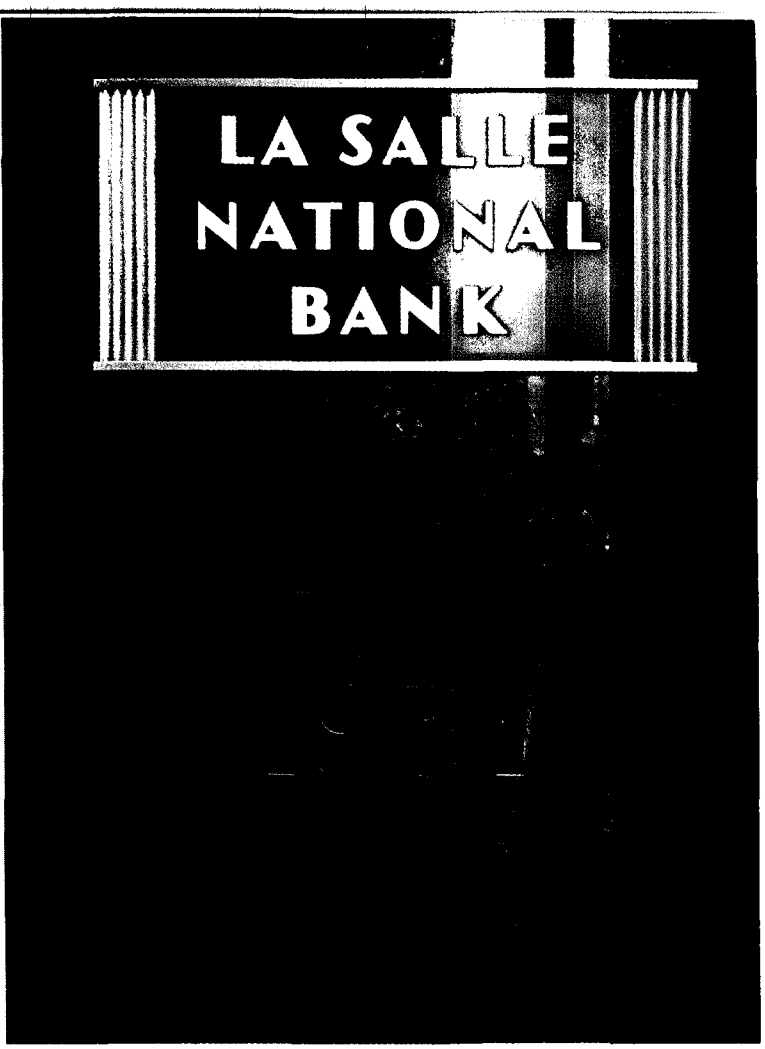

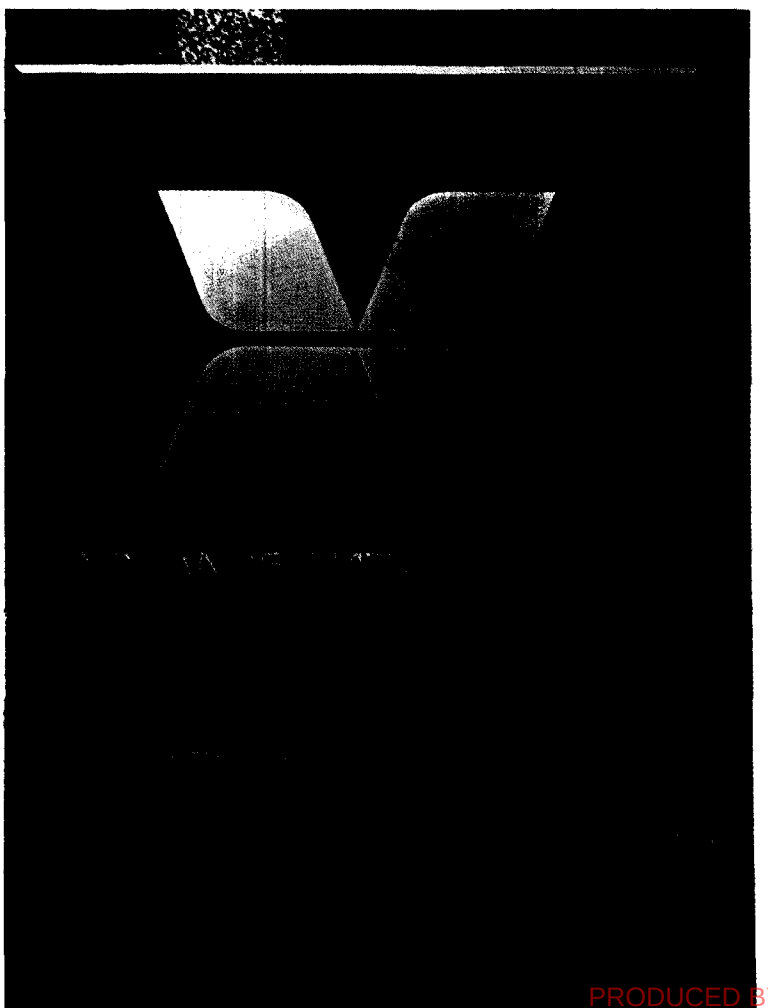

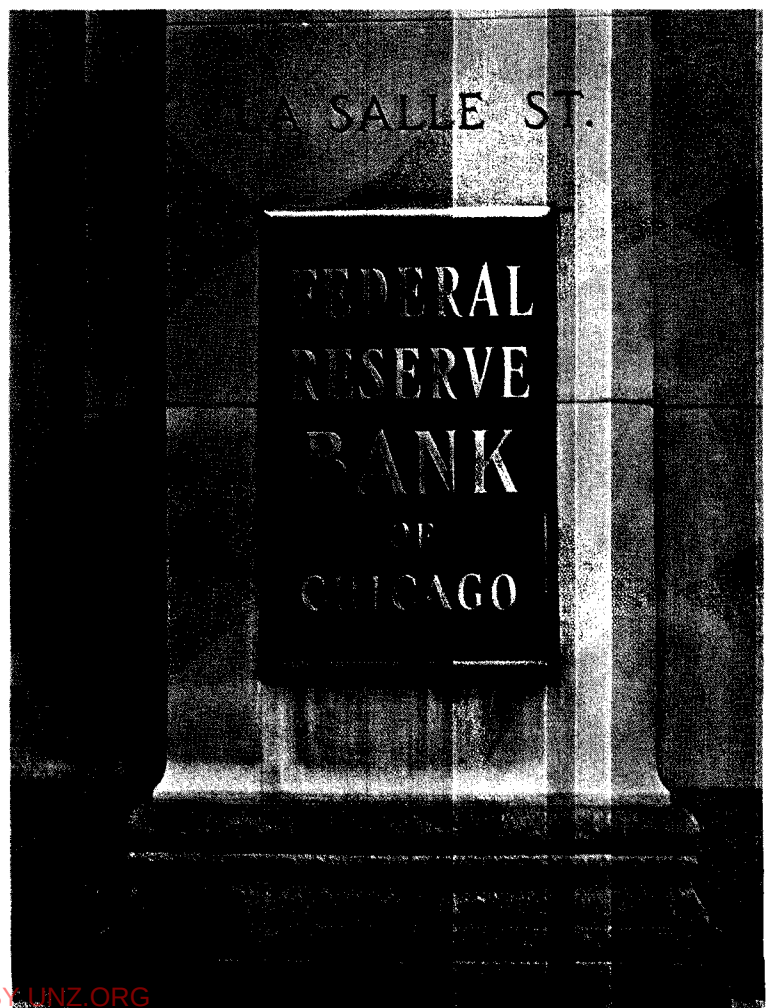

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nation, providing electric power to 13,000 square miles of Illinois. The company's history has been one of aggressive expansion and the absorption of small, publicly owned utilities. Although Edison has recently moved into the field of nuclear power, its prime source of power remains coal-burning steam generators. Consuming six million tons of coal a year in Chicago, Edison is by far the largest single polluter of the city's air. When earlier this year the Chicago City Council threatened to ban the burning of coal which contained more than 2.5 per cent sulphur, Edison coolly announced that it would not obey such a ban. In seeking an official exception from the city Air Pollution Appeals Board, Wallace Behnke, assistant to Tom Ayers, threatened, "If we don't get the variance, we'll either have to operate illegally or else turn out the lights."

But Ayers has another side. In 1966, he served as board chairman of the Chicago City Missionary Society (now called the Community Renewal Society), part of Chicago's private welfare complex. It publishes the well-regarded Renewal magazine, gives small stipends to militant black community groups, and toys with its own community program called "Toward Responsible Freedom." In Chicago the meaning of "responsible" is clear enough. Says Ayers, "I don't think any of us gave organizations money with the thought they would attack the Daley Administration."

After the Watts uprisings in 1965, it became clear to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) that the real racial battle was going to take place in the big urban centers, and after some initial hesitation Chicago was picked as their target city for 1966. SCLC staffers were dispatched to the north to scout the territory, and a coalition was arranged with Chicago's branch of the movement, led by former school teacher Al Raby. The new group, called the Chicago Freedom Movement (CFM), announced an ambitious program to make Chicago an "Open City." Martin Luther King began commuting to Chicago, and even rented a little apartment on the West Side.

The SCLC summer action program began with a large rally at Soldier Field on July 10, 1966. After the Open City demands and a letter from Archbishop Cody were read, Dr. King led a march of 25,000 people on City Hall to post the demands on the door. These demands, almost 50 in number, spelled out in detail what was required of the real estate brokers, banks, the Public Housing Authority, the city, the state, the Public Aid Department, the Board of Education, the political parties and the trade unions if the lives of black people in Chicago were to change perceptibly.

But it was already too late. The rally was on Sunday; by Thursday the West Side was occupied by the National Guard. The trouble began when some kids opened fire hydrants to play in the water and were arrested by the police.

On Friday, Dr. King and church leaders met with Daley. In a truly magnanimous gesture, the mayor announced that henceforth sprinklers would be installed on hydrants, police would be ordered to see "that all public swimming pools are available for use by Negroes," and a "citizens committee" would be established to see how the police department might improve its public relations.

Unmoved, the Chicago Freedom Movement began its program of open housing marches into white neighborhoods. Chicago's whites responded by pelting the marchers with rocks, bottles and firecrackers, and the Nazi party began an active recruiting drive. The press, which had been so favorable to the Soldier Field rally, now began saying that Dr. King had "made his point" and the marches should stop. And a Republican alderman began prodding the mayor to enforce the city parade ordinance. The movement responded by announcing plans for multiple marches on the same day as well as a march on Cicero, a western suburb of Chicago.

Cicero, which prides itself on being the largest city in America with no black residents, was the base of operations for the Capone gang during prohibition. Populated predominantly by Eastern European Catholics, the city erupted in riots in 1951, when a black family tried to move in. And only the summer before King's program, Jerome Huey, a black high school student looking for a job, was beaten to death by several white youths wielding baseball bats. To march on Cicero was to throw down the gauntlet.

Chicago's religious establishment, under intense pressure from the young clergy to join the marches, decided in mid-August to call for negotiations. Working through the Conference on Religion and Race, one of Chicago's several "bishops and businessmen" groups, the establishment calculated that neither side could refuse an invitation proffered by the head of the Church Federation, the president of the Board of Rabbis, and Archbishop Cody. Thus summoned to a "summit conference" were the CFM leaders, the mayor and his aides, the Real Estate Board, and every corporate executive in the city with "clout."

The choice of a chairman was tricky. Daley doesn't like to be without a bargaining position, but the conference wasn't going to take form unless someone with a pro-civil rights record was chairing the negotiations. And the "progressive wing" of the business community wouldn't come unless the mayor did. Thus the obvious choice for chairman was a man with the right connections and what looked like a good record: Ben Heineman.

FLYING BACK FROM HIS summer retreat in Wisconsin, Heineman swiftly took charge of the first negotiating session, held in the offices of the Episcopal archdiocese. After leaving the meeting to confer with his group, Ross Beatty from the Real Estate Board returned to announce proudly that the group would no longer lobby against the total open occupancy bill then before the state legislature—a bill which was granted no chance of passage. When the CFM rejected the "concession" and said the marches would go on, the mayor became extremely angry.

Since the session was getting nowhere, Heineman set up a smaller negotiating subcommittee to keep both sides at the table, and selected Tom Ayers to chair it. Yet hardly had these smaller sessions begun when Daley, sensing the potential weak spots of the movement, went to court to get an injunction against the marches. The court promptly ruled that City Hall be given 24 hours notice of all future marches; that they take place only in daytime during non-rush hours and be limited to 500 people; and that there be no more than one march a day.

Only Ayers' skill kept the negotiations from blowing up at this point. The businessmen knew that the marches could now be stopped by police, but they also realized that a "political" answer was far more desirable in the long run than a "military" resolution. It all hinged on how the move-

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ment would respond to the injunction. King's first response was, "I've been in dozens of jails all over the South and I'm not afraid to go to jail in Chicago," and the city began to back off, announcing that it would not make mass arrests if the injunction was violated. Then suddenly King announced that the movement would observe the injunction in the August 21st march on the Trumbull Park housing project, which had been a scene of rioting in 1953.

On August 26, with only two days remaining before the Cicero march, Ayers' subcommittee submitted an agreement to the "summit conference" which was unanimously ratified. The marches were called off. Heineman described the agreement as "a great step forward." Mayor Daley crowed, "We will go ahead to eliminate slums, provide better schools and more jobs in our city. I am satisfied the people of the metropolitan area will accept this agreement in light of who was involved in it." And Ayers said, "This is a great day for peace and progress in Chicago. This is indicative of the way Chicago can work on a problem."

And indeed it was. For the text of the agreement contained not one real concession to the black community. The Chicago Freedom Movement had abandoned the only mechanism it ever really had for pressuring the city into "a new attitude" on the part of the establishment. The Commission on Human Relations promised to work harder; the Chicago Real Estate Board agreed "in principle" to open housing, but pointedly refused to drop its suit challenging the legality of the city's fair housing ordinance affecting brokers.

The immediate reaction of CORE, SNCC, the Deacons for Defense, ACT (a militant black organization) and several other groups was to repudiate the agreement and announce that the Cicero march was on. The dissidents were assailed by the press and moderate civil rights leaders alike, and a few turns of the financial screws brought them back into line (one group, for instance, was receiving $20,000 a year from Ayers' Chicago Missionary Society). Finally, several weeks later, a few hundred militants, surrounded by a dense wall of cops, straggled through Cicero. Said Bill Berry of Chicago's Urban League, "The people who marched into Cicero last week are renegades —they are not part of the freedom movement."

By the time late autumn rolled around, all traces of the great summit meeting that led the SCLC to call off its marches was gone. The only item ever carried out was the establishment of the Leadership Council for Metropolitan Open Communities.

In the two years since he helped solve Chicago's racial crisis, Ben Heineman has headed up the Presidential commissions that called for the creation of cabinet-level departments of Urban Affairs and Transportation; his task forces also went on to create the Model Cities program. On January 2nd of this year, President Johnson named Heineman as head of a special new commission to revamp the country's welfare programs.

Tom Ayers is now chairman of the Leadership Council. The group had a budget of $190,000 in 1967—$163,000 from business, $25,000 from foundations and $2000 from the UAW. It talks of programs which will purchase homes in the suburbs and make them available to black families, but its real task is to coordinate the reforms beyond the city proper for the "progressive" business interests in order to insure the long-term stability of the central city. In this task, it is, quite naturally, the commuter railroads, the Loop stores and the utilities which have the vanguard role.

Martin Luther King and the Chicago Freedom Movement are dead.

[VIGNETTE #4. BLACK POLITICS: GROWING OLD IN THE YELLOW PAGES]

RESIDENTS OF CHICAGO'S sprawling South Side ghetto, whose behavior outside Convention Hall may present some problems for the nation's Democrats, are represented in the city government by the insurance firm of Campbell, Dawson, Metcalfe, Harvey and Holman, Inc. That is, 20th Ward Alderman Ken Campbell, 1st District Congressman William Dawson, 3rd Ward Alderman Ralph Metcalfe, 2nd Ward Alderman William Harvey and 4th Ward Alderman Claude Holman.

In Chicago, Negroes were admitted to the corridors of political power long before any other major city; but the city stands as living proof that simply having gentlemen of color in public office does not solve the problems of black people.

U.S. Congressman William Dawson is perhaps *the* classic Uncle Tom politician. Born in Albany, Georgia in 1886, he rose as high as was possible for black members of his generation. He graduated magna cum laude from Fisk University in 1909, and became a commissioned Army officer in World War I. He completed law school after the war, became an alderman in 1933, and went to Congress in 1943. He is now something like 20th in seniority in the House.

Until Daley decentralized the process, Dawson was absolute czar of all patronage in the ghetto, and the revered "spokesman" for the Negro community. Today, at the age of eighty-two, he never makes public appearances. He has the worst attendance record in Congress and is carted to Washington only when it becomes necessary to handle business of the Government Operations Committee, of which he is chairman. He holds many honorific posts, has been vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and was offered the position of postmaster general by John F. Kennedy, who was shopping around for a Negro cabinet member.

Living as he does in the midst of graft and corruption, the one thing that upsets Bill Dawson is civil rights organizers. When Martin Luther King came to town in 1966, Dawson warned his flock, "There are some who have come to Chicago to lead you astray. If those boys would get things straight where they live, we'll take care of things here."

And take care of things he does (or at least did, until stricken by advanced age). In 1957, when the Chicago NAACP got uppity, asking for integration and the like, Dawson flooded its membership rolls with Democratic precinct captains and took the organization over. In place of President Willoughby Abner (a United Auto Workers organizer), Dawson installed Theodore Jones, vice president of the Supreme Liberty Life Insurance Company. Said Jones: "My reason for entering into the conflict was the need to bring in the business and church community, which was not active at that time. It was labor-dominated. We had a weak branch." The current president is a sergeant in the Chicago police department.

Led by Ralph Metcalfe, an Olympic gold medal winner in Berlin in 1936, Chicago's Negro aldermen have an unenviable record for flunkeyism. Known for years as "the silent six," they take the floor at City Council meetings only to deliver eulogies and oppose civil rights legislation introduced by white independent Leon Despres. Metcalfe, a member of the Chicago

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Committee on Urban Opportunity, finds his urban opportunity as chairman of the Building and Zoning Committee. As the mayor's closest advisor on containing the black community, he may eventually inherit Dawson's congressional seat.

In spite of the election of two independent black aldermen in 1967, the machine keeps rolling along, handing out baskets of food at Christmas, threatening the loss of welfare checks to recipients who don't vote right, and checking the vote by sending precinct workers right into the voting booths with the voter. A typical piece of campaign literature from Claude Holman's ward is a simple, diagrammed instruction sheet entitled, "How to vote straight Democratic in less than one minute." It ends with the declaration, "You have done a good day's work. May God bless you."

[VIGNETTE #5. THE MACHINE: WHAT MAKES DALEY RUN?]

ALDERMAN THOMAS E. KEANE is Chicago's number two Democrat. Like most important men in the machine, he inherited his position: the 31st Ward has been in his family for at least three generations.

The Chicago City Council conducts its business according to the committee system—which suits Keane just fine. For as floor leader of the council he has the power to determine the committee to which a motion shall be sent. When a motion has to do with money—and in Chicago almost every motion has to do with money—Keane has an option. If he doesn't like a bill he simply refers it to the Rules Committee, which conveniently kills it. If he wants it to be passed, he has it referred to the Finance Committee—of which he just happens to be chairman. And it is the Finance Committee which presides in august fashion over the parceling out of favors.

Scarcely a fiscal year goes by without some major scandal involving Alderman Keane. Whether he is pushing through an ordinance to restrict portable sandwich bars which compete with restaurants, or arranging the sale of a city park and half of a block of Wells Street for $1.10 a square foot, Keane is always at work. There was, for instance, his steering of O'Hare Airport construction work to the Malan Construction Corporation, which he represented. In addition, Malan bought its performance bonds from Continental Casualty ($100,000 in premiums), which Keane also represents. Malan was a New York company moving in from the outside on the Chicago construction market, and consequently there was some controversy over the matter in public circles and in the press. The Chicago Daily News reported its interview with Keane in the following manner: "Keane denied he represented Malan: 'I didn't get a penny fee, and if I represented them I'd get a fee, wouldn't I?' Besides, said Keane, there would be nothing illegal about it anyway."

With this loose an interpretation of conflict of interest, there may have been nothing unethical about another little favor from Keane to Continental Casualty: an exclusive seven-year franchise to sell flight insurance at O'Hare. This time Keane didn't come out quite as well. The City Council had already granted the franchise when a storm arose over a statement by Tele-Trip, a rival firm which said it could sell the insurance at a 25 per cent lower cost. Continental Casualty lost the exclusive franchise, probably less because of the public interest than because one of the directors of Tele-Trip was Clair Roddewig, Chicago poverty warrior, school board member, and pal of Daley. In the end, the concession was split between the two firms.

Already the leader of a group of aldermen in the early '50s, Keane got a big break in 1955, when he was put on the Chicago Home Rule Commission. This group, which undertook the restructuring of the city government at the end of Mayor Kennelly's inept administration, was used by Keane to strip the aldermen of a number of their ancient powers and place control firmly in the executive branch of city government. For example, the City Council had previously been required to approve every city contract over $2500. Under the new scheme such power was vested in the hands of the city purchasing agent. The preparation of the budget was also moved from the council to the mayor's office. In return for this enormous strengthening of the mayor's power, the newly elected Richard Daley elevated Keane to floor leader and chairman of the Finance Committee.

Keane's home district, the 31st Ward, normally goes for Daley by over 10,000 votes. In return, Keane's ward organization probably has the second best collection of patronage jobs in the city (after the mayor's own 11th Ward). Keane's brother George is ensconced on the Tax Appeal Board and is Democratic township committeeman from Oak Park.

In a phenomenon peculiar to Chicago, there is a constant struggle going on between the machine, the syndicate and the Republicans for control of the Republican Party organization. Back in 1952, when the syndicate tried to move in on his ward and oust Republican Committeeman Charlie Gross, Keane snorted, "I put Gross in as Republican committeeman and I'll keep him in." Even though Gross was a Republican, Keane put him on the city payroll in one of his own patronage slots. Unfortunately, however, Gross met with a nasty accident—he was shot down in front of his home. Since then Keane has had a permanent police bodyguard.

Keane also serves on the Chicago Planning Commission and on the Chicago Committee on Urban Opportunity, where he supervises the War on Poverty budget. And while he still runs the City Council with an iron hand, indicating who may and who may not speak, he gives over occasional responsibilities to his protege, Alderman Paul Wigoda.

In 1959, he summed up his political philosophy while speaking to a group of visiting students: "One of the questions I'm asked the most is: how much graft does a politician make? All he can, of course!" Then he added wryly, "You'll find the standards of ethics and morality among public officials at least as high as those in private industry."

In the final analysis, Keane and the rest of the machine are only mechanisms of control and not decision makers in their own right. Keane's mentor, Mayor Richard Daley, controller of the machine, is doubtless the most effective expediter the establishment has ever had. But even he is not a member of that establishment. His role, and that of all the Keanes he controls, is—to borrow the motto of the Chicago police department—"To serve and to protect."

Paul Booth and Clark Kissinger are former national officers of Students for a Democratic Society. They are now active in insurgent political organizations in Chicago: the 49th Ward Citizens for Independent Political Action and the 5th Ward Voters for Change.

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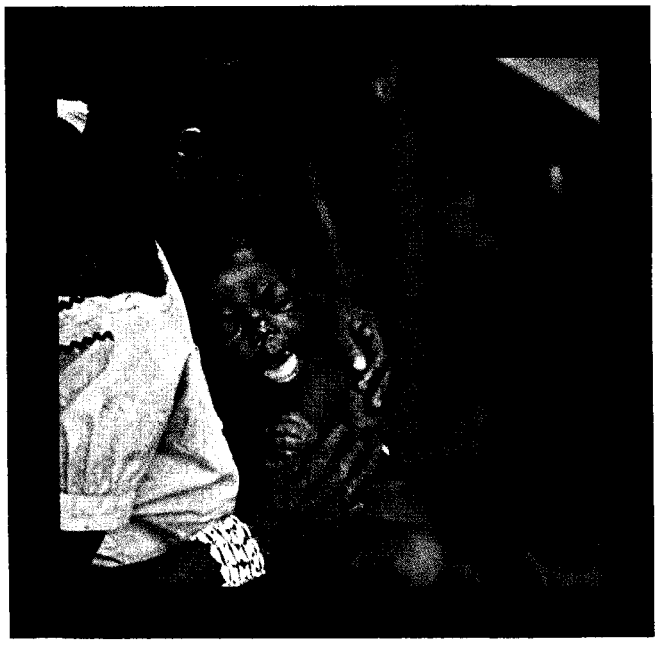
BIAFRA



LAGOS: Here in the capital of Federal Nigeria, warehouses are bursting with a six-week stock of food and medical supplies. Red Cross trucks clutter the wharves. Relief workers are unable to move supplies past obstructionist customs officials, and Nigerian Federal troops are reportedly eating the relief supplies intended for their victims. The supplies are only 60 minutes flying time from the starving.

In Biafra, the children's grotesquely distended stomachs once proclaimed a mere protein deficiency; now they announce death. There are 620 camps containing 750,000 refugees, with another four million people trying to scavenge a living in the bush. Conservative estimates set the death toll at about 1000 a day. By the most recent and responsible calculations, if relief does not reach the Biafran children early this fall, at least half of those between the ages of one and ten are doomed.

Officially speaking, Lagos has agreed to allow relief for Biafra's starving so long as it is channeled through a mercy corridor from Federal territory. However, Biafra has insisted that famine relief come by air, arguing that an airlift would be faster, citing the state of the roads in the rainy season and the shortage of trucks. Biafra also argues that a land corridor would create a route by which the Federal Armies could roll through the war zone into the Biafran heartland.

The Red Cross takes its cues from the British, who in turn follow the policy maneuvers of the Nigerian Federal government. When the Red Cross did propose flying supplies in without approval, the Nigerians threatened to shoot down the planes.

What aid there is has come via the Catholic Relief Organization, CARITAS (Biafra has a large and influential Catholic community). And occasionally Red Cross people on the spot manage to circumvent Federal officials.

Some history is necessary here. The root of the current nightmare goes back to the 19th century when Britain, in the process of carving up Africa, amalgamated three major population groups into a single country.

The colonial administration encouraged ethnic separateness and tribalism. Government and politics were never national; regional politics came to dominate the economy, as the government became the main employer of labor, dispenser of contracts and disburser of economic resources. Nigeria's politicians developed regional parties, dispensed regional patronage, financed regional development —and inevitably made regional bids for the capture of Federal power in Lagos. By the 1960's, the political class of Nigeria was held in deep and blistering contempt by the populace.

The January 1966 coup, led by General Aguiyi Ironsi, was intended as a revolt against the corruption which was the legacy of regionalism and British rule. But the old ruling forces from the north characterized it as an Ibo coup (all but one of Ironsi's associates were Ibos). The struggle for power took on an ugly regional and tribal character.

Seven months after the first coup, a second, managed by the forces now in power in Lagos, achieved a calculated slaughter of the Ibos in the north. The

Photographs courtesy of the London Sunday Times

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word "pogrom" became part of the Nigerian vocabulary, and two million Ibo refugees made their way back to the region of their forefathers in the east. What had begun as a struggle between elites had become a conflict of peoples.

To "humanitarians" throughout the world, the fact that Biafrans are starving and dying is ground for Biafran surrender. But the Biafrans do not see it this way. Hunger and starvation, as much as mortars and tanks, have been weapons from the beginning of this war.

Biafrans cannot see how those who have condemned or ignored their cause from the start should suddenly want to save them. Thus the sudden international concern for Biafran lives is seen in the east as one more example of Big Power hypocrisy: the Biafrans must compromise so that investments and political influence in Nigeria will be secure.

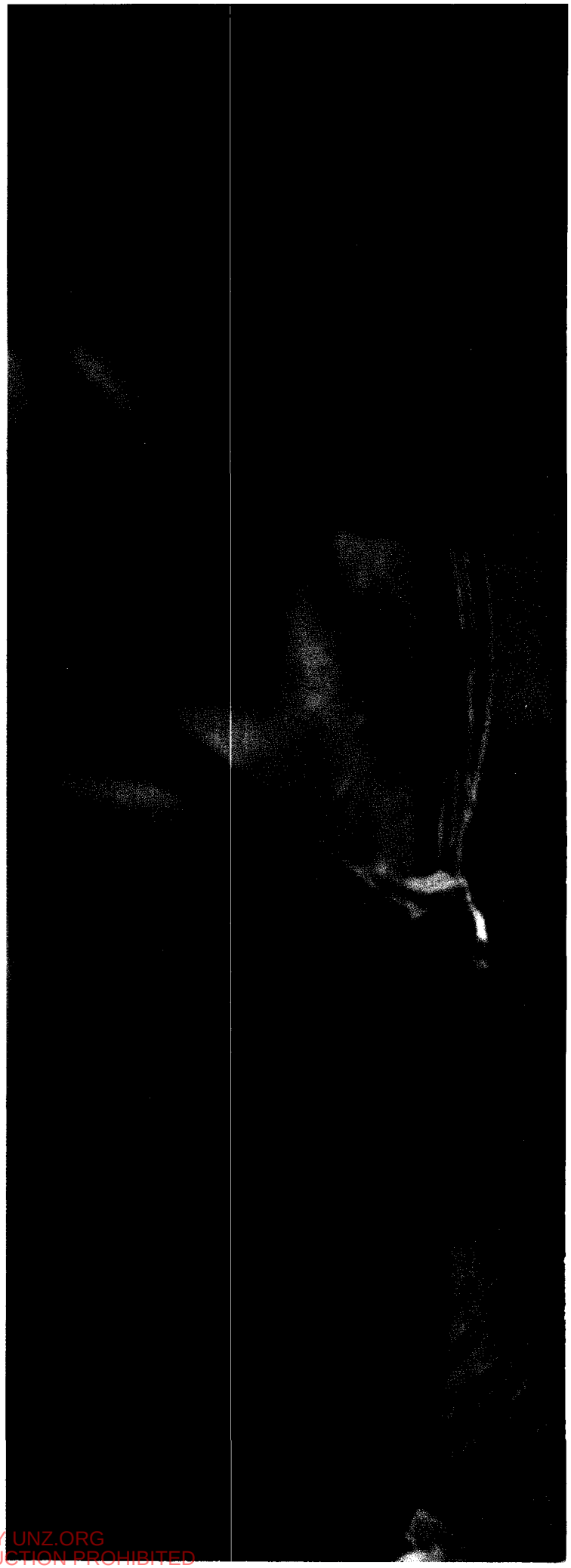
Even in the face of final military defeat, the Biafrans say there can be no surrender, for surrender will only bring more massacres by Federal troops. As one student told me, "By now we have lost too many to give up; they would have died for nothing."

Out of the hardships and the tragedies of the war has grown a frenzied new Biafran nationalism. The Biafrans are resigned to losing the last three towns they hold and retreating to the bush. From there they intend to launch guerrilla-type skirmishes to keep the Federal Army in a constant state of alert. Ultimately, they hope, the price of this vigil will be too high for the Federal government and its British, Russian and Egyptian friends to bear.

The Federation, its size notwithstanding, has always been a rickety affair. There is no certainty, even in Lagos, that if the Biafrans are brought to their knees, they can be held there for long without further crisis. The Federals are particularly opposed to Biafran secession because they fear that once the Ibos are gone, other parts of the Federation—especially the troubled west—will split off as well.

Biafrans claim to have ready a blueprint for a new social order that will save their society from the worst ills of Nigeria. But the case for Biafran independence is made today by official Biafran spokesmen less on the basis of social revolution than in terms of the endemic ethnic incompatibility of Nigerians with Biafrans. If the war continues much longer, total tribal xenophobia could be the price of Biafran survival.

—RUTH FIRST



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BIAFRA

Let Them Eat Oil

APPALLED BY THE MAGNITUDE of the Nigerian tragedy, Western readers search uncomprehendingly for its cause. What happened to the country with one quarter of the entire black population of Africa; the country that Newsweek once described as endowed with "so many of the qualities that seem to be missing in other emerging states—a working democracy, a sound economy, a free press, a moderate pro-Western government . . ."; the country Time called Africa's "counterweight to chaos"?

The somewhat racist answer offered by the American and English press is that the whole disaster is the consequence of "tribalism." White Anglo-America, with its distrust of all things black, can comprehend the situation only as an exercise in atavism and ritualistic bloodletting. "There are forces let loose in Biafra," says the London Sunday Times Magazine, one of the publications most sympathetic to the Biafrans, "that white men cannot understand." This is pure white chauvinism talking, for Westerners can easily understand the forces let loose in Nigeria—one of the most important of them is oil.

The large European and American oil companies have a total investment in Nigeria of over a billion dollars. And even more important, Nigerian oil production was the fastest growing in the world—in 1966 alone it increased an incredible 53 per cent.

Today, the United States is represented in Nigeria and Biafra by Gulf, Mobil, Texaco, Standard Oil of California and Phillips; the French by ERAP; the Italians by ENI; the British by Royal Dutch Shell and British Petroleum (BP). The latter two, operating as a consortium, are the biggest producers.

Curiously enough, Nigeria has gone through two "oil ages"—the modern Petroleum Age was preceded by the Age of Palm Oil. For in the 19th century it was palm oil—the main ingredient in soap—that drew European traders to the Niger River and led to the British conquest of the "Nigerian Protectorate."

The richness of the palm oil resources in the Northern Region was a 19th century commercial legend. But European merchants could never really make a killing on the oil, because of the bargaining power of the Ibo merchant chiefs who acted as middlemen between the Europeans and the palm oil producers. This drain provided the vehicle for the entry of Sir George Goldie, the piratical "father of Nigeria." Goldie saw that the key to obtaining the oil wealth lay in breaking the monopoly of the Ibo chiefs by dealing directly with the northerners. Armed with a royal charter from Queen Victoria which gave him a "legal" monopoly on all trade in the region, Goldie used river gunboats to blast away his Ibo competitors. He then had the British colonial secretary threaten his French competition with war if they tried to encroach on Goldie's section of the Niger.

Ibos still remember Sir George's handling of their greatest historical figure, Ja Ja, King of Opobo. Ja Ja had built a thriving commercial empire in palm oil and was strong enough to withstand the European traders' attempts to run him out of the Oil Rivers region. He was finally done in by British diplomacy. After negotiating a treaty with Queen Victoria, Ja Ja was lured into further negotiations, shanghaied by the British consul, and deported to the West Indies; he never returned.

While British justice was being brought to the peoples of the south, the system of "indirect rule" was being installed in the Moslem north to preserve the feudal way of life of the Hausa and Fulani peoples. No missionaries or missionary schools were allowed, and slavery was tacitly encouraged. The rule of the sultans and emirs, replete with their systems of private courts, retainers and harems, was bolstered by British guns. The south, carved into a string of protectorates under *direct* British rule, remained artificially cut off from contact with the north. In this way, the British kept the palm oil flowing unchecked to the sea.

NIGERIA'S SECOND OIL AGE dates from 1953, when Western petroleum companies finally struck oil after some 20 years of exploration and drilling. The Suez crisis in 1956—although it didn't cut off any of the West's lucrative Near Eastern oil sources—frightened the major producers into reconsidering the merits of Nigerian oil, despite its relatively high production cost. If Nigeria could be developed as an alternative to Middle Eastern oil, the Western petroleum industry might be able to weather the vagaries of Arab nationalism.

The only problem was that three-fourths of the Nigerian oil seemed to be located in the Eastern Region—now Biafra—an area inhabited not by the Moslem, largely pastoral Hausa-Fulani, but by the ambitious, business-minded and democratic Ibos, who had given Sir George Goldie so much trouble back in the palm oil age.

Still, the Ibos were not a major obstacle to the oilmen as long as northern sultans and emirs ran Nigeria. After the military coup of January 15, 1966, however, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, the Prime Minister, and his mentor, the Sardauna of Sokoto, were murdered.

The coup was led by Major General Johnson Aguiyi-Ironsi, an Ibo, and backed by a group of young officers, most of whom were also Ibo. The young officers specifically wanted to end the feudalistic northern stranglehold on Nigerian development, and to replace private courts and personal favoritism with a representative government. They also wanted the oil companies to pay more taxes.

Within a little more than six months, however, on July 29, 1966, a counter-coup led by Major General Yakubu Gowon put the northerners back in control of the Federation—and wiped out 400 Ibo Army officers and enlisted men in the process. Throughout the months of September and October, pogroms were launched by northern soldiers and local police against Ibos living in the north. By some estimates, over 30,000 were killed, and nearly two million refugees streamed back into the Eastern Region.

by Robert Fitch & Mary Oppenheimer

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At the same time, in order to maintain its credibility in the north, the Gowon government had been pressured into taking as hard a line in negotiations with the oil companies as had its Ibo predecessors under General Ironsi. Mr. Abdul Attah, a Finance Ministry official, asked Shell-BP and Gulf—the main producers—to give Nigeria "most favored African nation" treatment. In other words, Nigeria would get at least as large a cut of revenues as that which the oil companies had recently granted Libya.

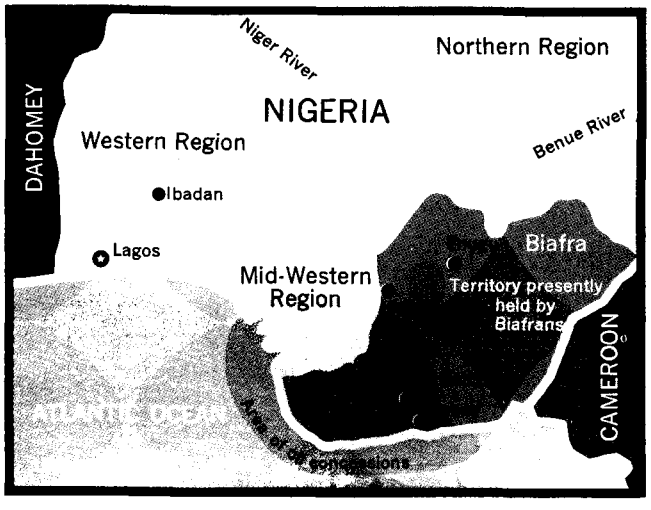
Gulf, producing 50,000 barrels a day, refused outright; Shell and British Petroleum, producing 350,000 barrels a day, mainly around Port Harcourt in the Eastern Region, stalled for time. The oil companies began to toy with the idea that if the Nigerian government in Lagos persisted in making things difficult for them, perhaps the Ibos might be a better lot to do business with after all.

To all intents and purposes, an Ibo secession plan had been in progress ever since the massacres of the 1966 counter-coup. And the eastern province was already withholding a sizable portion of the oil tax revenues which it received from the companies and was supposed to pass on to the central government. It had also taken the sale of farm produce into its own hands, instead of routing it through the Nigerian Produce Marketing Company in Lagos.

WITH OIL THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S largest source of foreign exchange earnings—and with 75 per cent of the oil located in the Eastern Region—the future of the Federal government looked very bleak indeed. Worse still, on May 30, 1967, the Eastern Region formally seceded, declaring itself the independent Republic of Biafra, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Odumegwu Ojukwu.

The question now was this: who was to get the oil revenues? In the complex diplomatic negotiations, the posture of the oil companies would be decisive in determining who would eat and who would starve, who would get guns and who would go defenseless. Behind the oil companies' diplomacy lay not only billions of dollars in assets and hundreds of millions of dollars of liquid capital in company treasuries, but also the combined power of the Dutch and British governments, who, with their substantial stock in Shell and British Petroleum, sustained a lively and intimate interest in Nigerian affairs.

Shell and British Petroleum are the world's largest and third largest corporations outside the U.S., with combined sales of over ten billion dollars—more than three times the GNP of Nigeria. Their corporate directors tend to be very well connected indeed in the circles where British diplomacy is formulated.



Map by John Williams

British Petroleum's directors include Lord Cobbold, also governor of the Bank of England—Britain's equivalent of the U.S. Federal Reserve Bank; W. J. Kewswick, an ordinary director of the Bank of England; and Sir Humphrey Trevelyan, the British Foreign Office's premier oil diplomat (whose experience includes serving as ambassador to Egypt during the Suez crisis in 1956, ambassador to Iraq during the 1958 upheaval, and South Arabian high commissioner in 1967).

Shell's board of directors, while equally well connected in the British government, has a somewhat more American flavor: Eugene Black is a director of the Chase Manhattan Bank and until recently, head of the World Bank. Lord Shawcross, an ex-Labour member of Parliament turned director of the British section of the House of Morgan, is also a special advisor to the U.S. Morgan Guaranty Bank. Lord McFadzean is a government-appointed head of the British National Export Council.

These luminaries of Shell and BP may not run Great Britain, but when it comes to oil, their counsel is heeded with scrupulous attention in the Foreign Office.

Moreover, from their perspective it must seem that, as with General Motors and the U.S.A., what is good for the oil companies is good for the country. General Gowon's demands for increased revenue, the moguls probably reasoned, would cost them hundreds of millions of pounds in the long run. Why not take a flyer on Colonel Ojukwu's little Biafran state? Its small size and population were a positive advantage from the oiligarchs' point of view. The *ideal* oil state, of course, would be one with just enough land on which to place oil rigs and just enough people to guard the pipelines—a combination which is closely approximated by the sheikdoms of South Arabia.

Following the secession of May 30, 1967, both sides moved cautiously on the oil question. Lagos immediately blockaded Biafra's coast—but let the tankers through. The oil companies scrambled to pump out all the oil they could to fill the gap caused by the Arab-Israeli War.

The major question for the companies was whether or not Biafra could display "effective sovereignty." June negotiations with Biafran envoys in New York saw the companies in their most pro-Biafran mood. A "compromise" was suggested on the revenue payments: 57.5 per cent paid to Biafra, cash-on-the-barrelhead, the rest to be placed in an escrow account in the name of Biafra. If Ojukwu could "maintain order" in Biafra, the balance would be his. On July 3rd, Shell-BP revealed an agreement to make a "token payment" of $700,000 to Biafra.

But Shell-BP was hedging its bets. It didn't come out openly for Biafra. To placate the Federal government, it pleaded that the payment had been made "under duress." After all, some of the oil wells were within Federal territory, and Lagos *might* recapture the refinery. This was essentially the line taken by Britain Commonwealth Secretary Bowdon, who explained to the House of Commons how the government was betting on both horses: "*At this stage* there can be no recognition of the Eastern Region [our italics]"—implying, as The Economist pointed out, that recognition might be on its way. This would save face all around. With luck, Biafra would be happy, and Lagos "realistic" enough not to blockade the oil.

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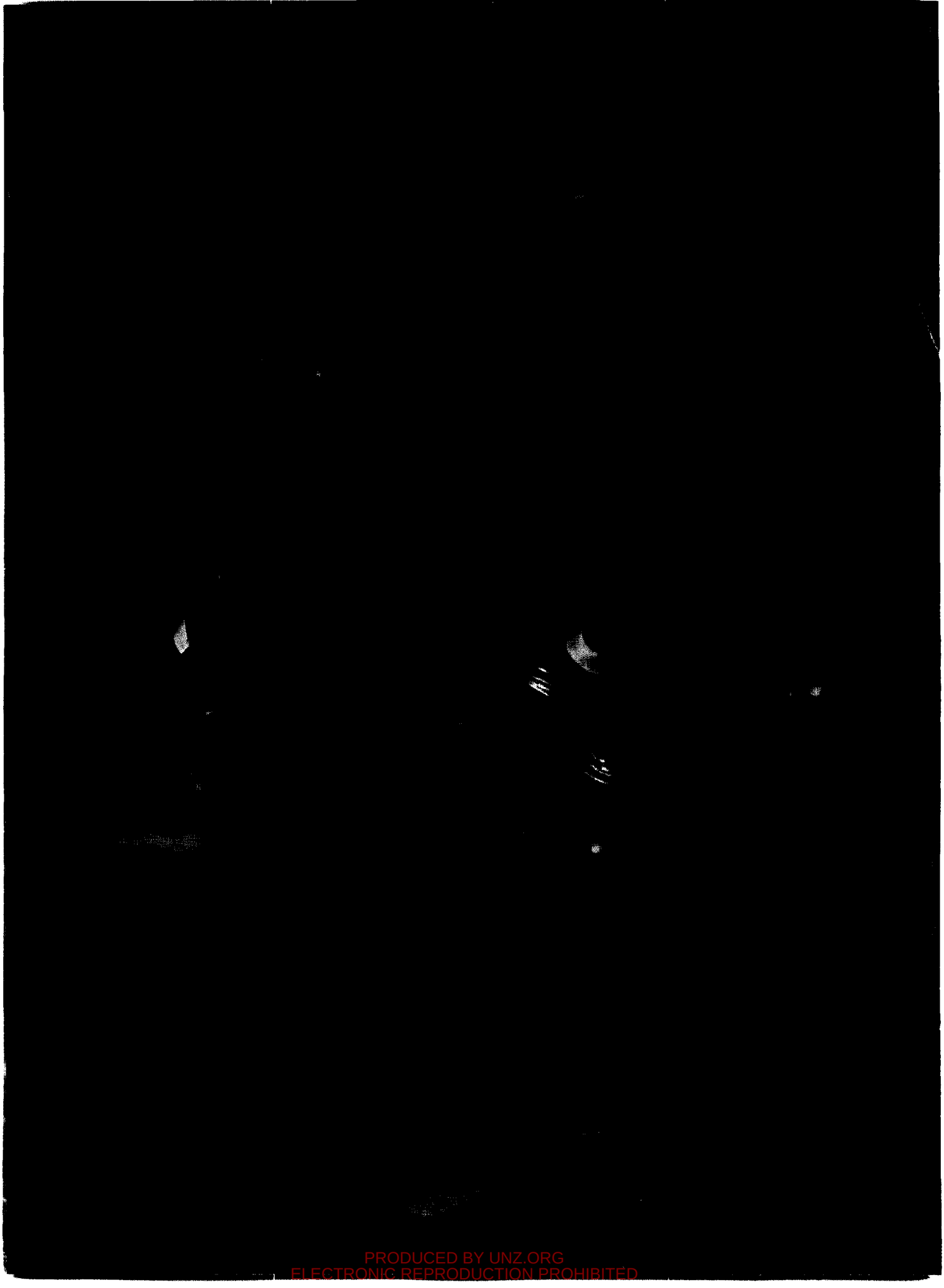

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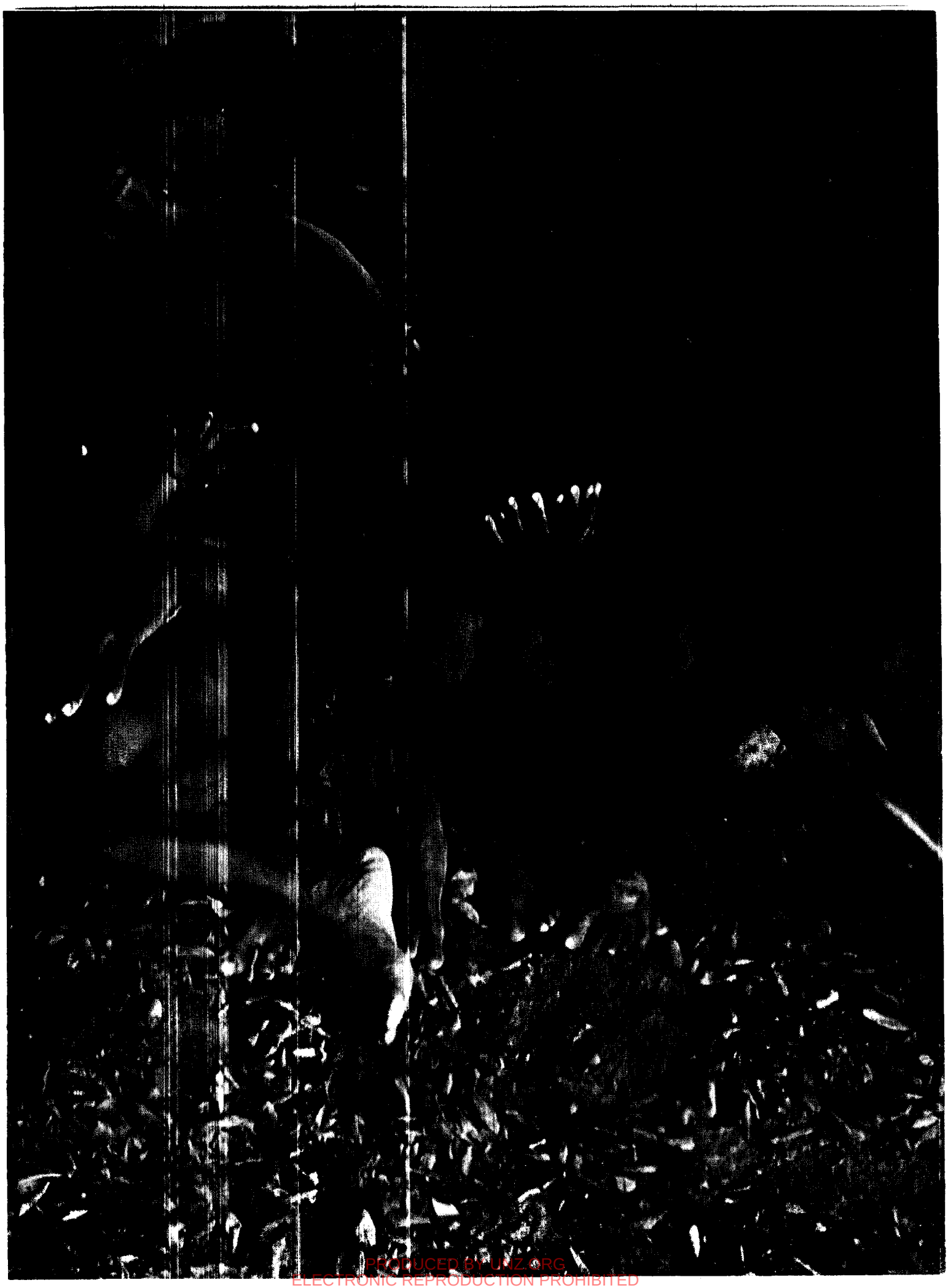

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Lagos, however, *did* extend the blockade to oil. Production stopped in the midwest and in Biafra. Only Gulf's offshore fields continued to pump their 50,000 barrels per day into waiting tankers. And the war went on.

Gradually, the oil companies found they'd been wise to hedge their bets on Biafra. The oil blockade was not broken, and Ojukwu's troops were disappointing on the battlefield. By late July, Bonny had fallen, followed by Enugu, the Biafran capital, and finally Port Harcourt. "Effective sovereignty" for Biafra seemed a lost cause.

And secession was becoming extremely costly for the oil companies. As the war dragged on, their petroleum investments lay fallow. Each day of war also increased the possibility of damage to those investments—to the pipelines, the refinery at Port Harcourt, and the terminal at Bonny. Although advancing Federal troops had proclaimed that they intended to handle the installations with kid gloves, the Port Harcourt refinery still suffered $15 million worth of damage.

As the prospect of a Biafran victory receded, the oil policies of the Federal government reverted to their pre-1966 humility. Lagos was behaving with admirable circumspection, a virtue that was not lost on the companies. Despite its blockade, the Federal government never went so far as to nationalize the oil fields under its control. Nor did it take the usual wartime measures to control banks, currency and foreign exchange. The banks and trading companies—Barclays (Britain's largest bank, with several hundred Nigerian branches), Standard Bank (controlled by Chase Manhattan) and the United Africa Company (subsidiary of Unilever, the world's second largest non-U.S. corporation)—were pleasantly surprised by the freedom with which they were allowed to go about their business.

Ordinary Nigerians, however, did not escape the costs of war. Compulsory saving was introduced; strikebreaking laws and compulsory arbitration were enforced; the cost of living rose. As Federal troops advanced into Biafra, the oil companies retreated from their earlier positions. The "token payment," they lied, had never been made.

IN AUGUST 1967, JUST AFTER the Biafran defeat at Bonny, Shell-BP "discovered" a clause in its contract with Nigeria enabling the oil companies to postpone royalty payments from the customary July 1st until March 31, 1968, the end of fiscal 1967. The Lagos government declared its willingness to wait. And, with great fanfare, General Gowon announced to the press that the goal of the Federal government was to win the war before April 1, 1968, when Biafra was due to receive its payment.

As the deadline approached, Biafran victory seemed even more unlikely—but Biafra still controlled the pipelines. If the war dragged on, Shell-BP would be in trouble. British Petroleum had lost $280 million dollars in 1967, and it couldn't stand another year like that. The Shell-BP response was twofold. In March 1968, they announced a $42 million "crash program" to build pipelines and terminal and storage facilities within Federal territory. And in April 1968, Shell-BP signed a new agreement with the Federal government.

The British government is now irrevocably committed to the Federal government. But the French, heretofore holding none of the Nigerian franchises, have little to lose by giving a bit of encouragement to the Biafrans. And, purely diplomatic considerations aside, the French, who were forced out of Nigeria by Sir George Goldie in the days of palm oil, just might start petroleum flowing their way.

The largest French entrepreneurial efforts in Biafra center around the activities of the state-owned French oil company SAFRAP, a subsidiary of ERAP. For a bargain price of $15 million, SAFRAP won from the Biafrans the oil rights to an area capable of producing two million tons of petroleum a year. And in August 1967, Biafra entered into negotiations with the French branch of the House of Rothschild for the rights to exploit columbite, uranium, coal, tin, gold and mineral oil resources. Again, it was a buyers' market: ten years' rights for $15 million.

Also contributing to the French presence in Biafra are SCOA, the French version of Montgomery Ward; Michelin, which has received rights to exploit the rubber resources; and Air Liquide, which hopes to get deeper into the Biafran chemical business.

Actually, the French were betting less on a Biafran military victory than they were on a collapse of the Federal government's war effort through internal dissension and lack of organizational capacity. Nor was the French government eager to come down firmly on the side which might prove to be a big loser. Thus, despite the French commercial activity in Biafra, recognition was not immediately forthcoming. Instead, De Gaulle left the formalities of official recognition to his two most trustworthy African retainers—Presidents Bongo of Gabon and Felix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast. As for the real thing—formal French recognition—De Gaulle would wait and see.

For the moment, however, all these commercial and diplomatic negotiations, both French and British, are merely speculation about Biafra's future. As long as the war continues, oil production remains at a standstill. The companies have not earned a cent since the conflict began. And they know they must get back into full production before another Middle Eastern blowup.

So the companies want the war to end, and—except for the French—they want the Federal government to win. And so they must enthusiastically second ex-FBI agent Joseph Palmer, the American assistant secretary of State for African Affairs, who asks the Biafrans to "compromise" and save themselves.

But Biafra can't simply give up. As the Federal troops advance, Colonel Ojukwu speaks of a second phase of combat: a people's war behind enemy lines. This is no mere militaristic bravado; there is genuine fear of renewed massacres. Moreover, for the Ibos, surrender under the newly promulgated Nigerian Federal structure would mean accepting the division of Biafra into three parts—with the Ibos crowded into a single section containing almost no oil lands whatsoever. As in the years before oil production began, they would have to emigrate from their homelands to earn their living as clerks, farm laborers and itinerant merchants. After the massacres in the north and the atrocities of the present civil war, such a Diaspora represents to the Ibos the end of their people.

Bob Fitch and Mary Oppenheimer are the authors of Ghana: End of an Illusion (*Monthly Review Press, 1966*)*; they were married on July 26, 1968.*

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The Case for Bugging by Hal Lipset, Private Eye

IN NOVEMBER 1965, ADRIAN CANCIL was sentenced to three years in jail for possessing a gun which, in fact, he had not possessed.

Cancil speaks very little English; his language is Spanish. Earlier that year, he had been in a Brooklyn bar when a fight broke out. A policeman arrested him as he attempted to leave the scene, and later testified that he had seen Cancil throw a gun away. Cancil was convicted, but after three months in jail he was released on a certificate of reasonable doubt, pending appeal.

From a fellow inmate, he learned the name of the man who really had thrown away the gun. Cancil was determined to find him and prove it. Finding him was easy; getting the proof was something else.

Cancil decided on a very simple and very brave course of action. He spent $15 for a used tape recorder that would fit under his coat. He hid the microphone under his tie, and accosted his suspect in a noisy poolroom in Brooklyn's East New York section. "The cop," Cancil said in rapid Spanish, "is the one who accused me of the pistol. . . . You know you were the one who threw the pistol to the ground."

"*Seguro que sí*," the man replied. "Certainly."

Cancil went to District Attorney Aaron Koota, who went to court, and in July of this year the conviction was set aside.

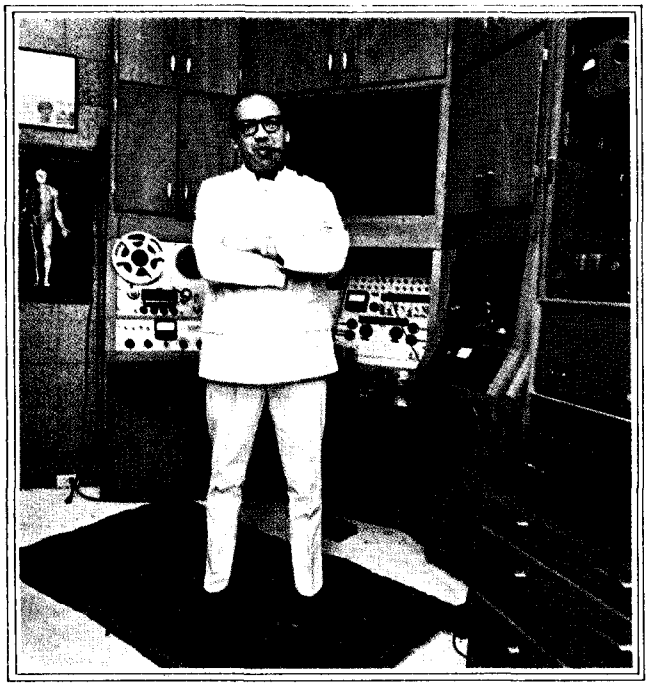
In California, since last December, Cancil could not have proved his innocence so easily. The tape would be inadmissible as evidence, and even the act of recording the conversation would itself have subjected him to a three-year sentence plus a $2500 fine. He'd be better off with the phony gun rap.

Everybody (like the American Civil Liberties Union, for instance) seems to think that's a great idea. "Wiretapping" and "bugging" are dirty words to the American liberal ("eavesdropping" is usually considered synonymous, and a well-known book on taps and bugs a few years ago was called *The Eavesdropper*, but, as we'll see, they aren't the same thing). One of the strongest arguments in liberal circles against the late Senator Robert Kennedy was that, as attorney general, he was "for" wiretapping. Everyone knows about Justice Holmes calling it a "dirty business." A lot of people would like to see it all outlawed completely. And a lot of the same people know almost nothing about it. In fact, what America needs is not *fewer* bugs and wiretaps, but *more*.

Most of what passes for discussion of the subject simply distinguishes between the "wiretap" and the "bug," but that's an unimportant distinction. The tap (which, by the way, no longer has to tap; a wiretap that uses wires is obsolete) is primarily intended to record a telephone conversation; the bug, to record a conversation that takes place face to face.

The important distinction is not *what* conversation is recorded, but *who* records it. It is simply impossible, without a grotesque distortion of the English language being involved, to "eavesdrop" on your own conversation. It is impossible to "violate the privacy" of someone who tells you something voluntarily, merely by making a record of it.

Since I am going to insist that to make some such recordings is not only justifiable but positively desirable, I want to be absolutely clear about one thing: eavesdropping—the interception of a conversation by a third party without the knowledge of anyone involved in the conversation—is absolutely wrong and should be completely outlawed, whether it



The Author at work in his San Francisco office

Photographs by Baron Wolman

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takes place via a tap on the phone, a bug in the plaster or an ear to the keyhole; whether it's done by the police, the FBI or your next-door neighbor. It doesn't matter whether a recording is made or not: no one has any business listening secretly to a conversation between two other people (or among six other people) without the knowledge and express consent of at least one of them.

(There is one exception. A subscriber sometimes has a right to listen to what's happening on his telephones, for if something illegal is going on, he may very well take the rap. I once took part in an investigation in which a bookmaking ring was found in a chain of furniture stores; had the police uncovered the ring first, the owner—who was innocent—would have had a difficult time disclaiming knowledge of the illegal use of his telephones.)

You have every right, however, to record a conversation to which you are a party without invading anyone's privacy (you "record" it, however imperfectly, in your mind anyway, and it's common practice in business and politics, resented by no one, to make a written record "for the files" immediately afterward). The concern that many of us have about such recordings being made "secretly"—that is, with the knowledge of only one of the persons involved—is more a fear-reaction than a rational response.

What is *done* with the recording, of course, is something else. It would of course be an invasion of privacy for me to record, without his knowledge, a conversation with a friend about his marital troubles, and then to play the tape to his wife. Extortion and blackmail, obviously, are as immoral when recordings are used as when any other kind of information is used—and just as illegal.

But it's well to remember a few things about conversations. If two people alone in a room have a conversation, each has already surrendered *to the other* his right of privacy in that conversation. Within certain bounds of confidence and honor, either may testify to the conversation (which means, in the absence of a recording, that one may, deliberately or through forgetfulness, testify falsely). If a third party is properly present —a secretary, say—that third party may testify to the conversation. And none of us, in such instances, ever yells about invasion of privacy.*

FOR SOME REASON, HOWEVER, the yells go up immediately if electronic recording is involved—regardless of what, if anything, is done with it. Possibly we simply fear the tape recorder in some superstitious way, as members of some cultures have been known to fear that a camera somehow steals the soul. Possibly we are afraid that we will give away not something about our politics or our business affairs, but something about our inner selves. Or that we'll be taken, literally, at our word.

But a tape recording is not a juju. Like the diary of Harold Ickes, it is simply an impersonal record of what happened—the difference being that it records without later failures of memory, without significant omissions, and that it catches voice inflections—anger, hesitation, doubt, humor, irony.

The *value* of recordings is something we never talk about, in our concern that they ought not be made. Any contract, any agreement involving a business relationship, ought to be recorded, not only in its formal language but in the language that indicates each party's understanding of the terms (and if one party would rather avoid such recording, the second party should not go unprotected). Certainly any court proceeding, any congressional hearing, any meeting of a public body ought to be recorded and the recording made available to anyone who had a right to be in the room in the first place (a great many public bodies—local boards of education, city councils, etc.—keep no verbatim record at all). The infamous Caryl Chessman case would never have dragged through the courts for so many years had the original trial been recorded on tape; much of the litigation was about the inadequacy of the record after the court reporter died before completing the transcription of his notes, which were in a personal variant of shorthand.

These are examples of public uses of electronic devices, and even under California's ridiculously restrictive law, they are permissible. But California permits no recording without the consent of *all* parties of any conversation except under very rare and loosely defined conditions.

AS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR who is known to have some expertise in the use of electronic listening devices, I frequently encounter the assumption that I bug hotel rooms to trap errant spouses and record their orgiastic sounds for later use in divorce settlements. As I said above, I'd be happy to have all such eavesdropping outlawed. The important use of recordings in my work involves conversations to which I myself am a party.

As an example, I was once retained by an attorney whose client had been involved in a minor automobile accident. His client was charged with drunken driving, and I was asked to interview the woman who had driven the other car.

With a recorder in sight, I'm convinced she wouldn't have spoken as freely as she did—not because of any objective change in the situation regarding her "privacy" (she knew who I was, knew that I would report to the attorney for the other driver, knew that I might even testify about the conversation, and still talked to me willingly), but because of the bugaboo some of us have about recorders—so I didn't mention the recorder, for somewhat the same reason that I didn't show up in a white robe and hood. I asked about my client's breath, and she said she hadn't been near enough to smell it; she was sure he had been drinking because of his gait and speech.

At the trial, however, she testified that his breath was "overpowering," and my testimony to the contrary was attacked by her attorney as "professional testimony." Only the recording bore out my version of the conversation. (The client, whose gait and speech were due to an artificial leg and a speech impediment, was acquitted.)

Now the complaint invariably is: We have no objection to your making the recording—but if you didn't tell her, you were invading her privacy.

How? She knew who I was. She could have refused to talk. She willingly gave me information which she knew I would relay. What she did was to assume, later, that the truth can change, that truth can become flexible as goals change (between the interview and the trial she filed a civil suit for damages) or as memory fails. But the recording did not change. It preserved, not the truth, but one of her two versions of the truth.

Text continued on page 44

* Except in special cases, including doctors, attorneys, priests and in some cases, husbands and wives.

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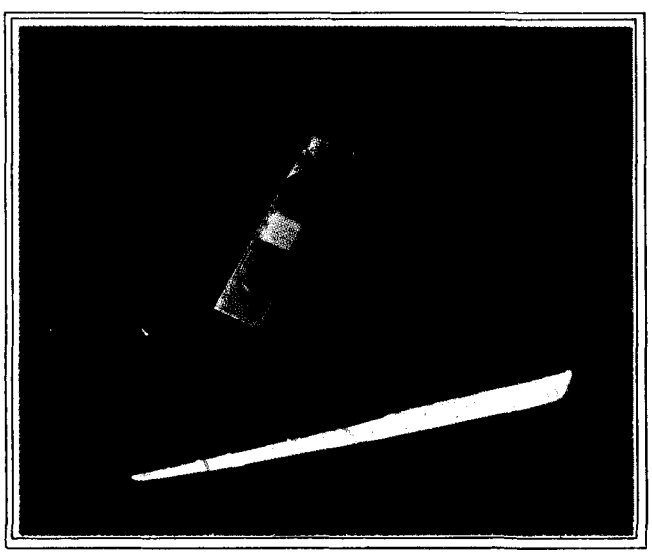
A Paranoid's Guide to Bugging

1. BUGS DO NOT HAVE WIRES (neither do wiretaps, mostly). They are radio transmitters, usually tiny, and microphones, usually tinier. A bug can be hidden in a vase of flowers (the microphone in the one shown was so well concealed we couldn't photograph it). It can be in a book (look in *all* your books; it could be in any of them, including that old biology text on the shelf there). It can be in a cigarette lighter, a cigarette box or a package of cigarettes (you can rig the pack with some real cigarettes and offer your mark a couple to divert suspicion). And it really *can* be in an olive in a martini.



2. ALL THE BUGS in the table pictures don't show. There's a sugar-cube-sized one under the table. Each has its own circuits, etc., and its own miniature batteries. The cigarette pack will transmit for from 10 to 20 hours to a point one or two blocks away; it depends on the receiving antenna and the construction of the building. The larger the batteries, the longer the transmitter will work and the greater its range.

3. BOTH BUGS and self-contained tape recorders can be very small. That's a bug on top of that matchbook. On our cover, Miss Yvonne D'Angers is demonstrating one of the smallest units: a stereo bra. The whole setup (declassified because a CIA agent goofed and revealed it) weighs 11 ounces and is more conventionally, but less interestingly, used in a man's inside coat pockets or in his sleeves. By standing in the right place he can pick up *two* conversations, one on each channel. It records for an hour and reproduces beautifully. The CIA now has a slightly smaller one with even better quality.

4. CHECK YOUR VISITOR'S FOUNTAIN PEN also (as well as his tie pin, his cuff links, etc.—or her earrings). The little gadget photographed here will turn a whisper into a recorded roar buildings away. The wire goes through a hole in the coat, the transmitter into the shirt pocket (or inside the shirt), and the antenna up around the neck.

5. THERE IS STILL NOTHING to beat a Uher recorder in a brief-

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case, with a mike built into the handle. It runs for four hours.

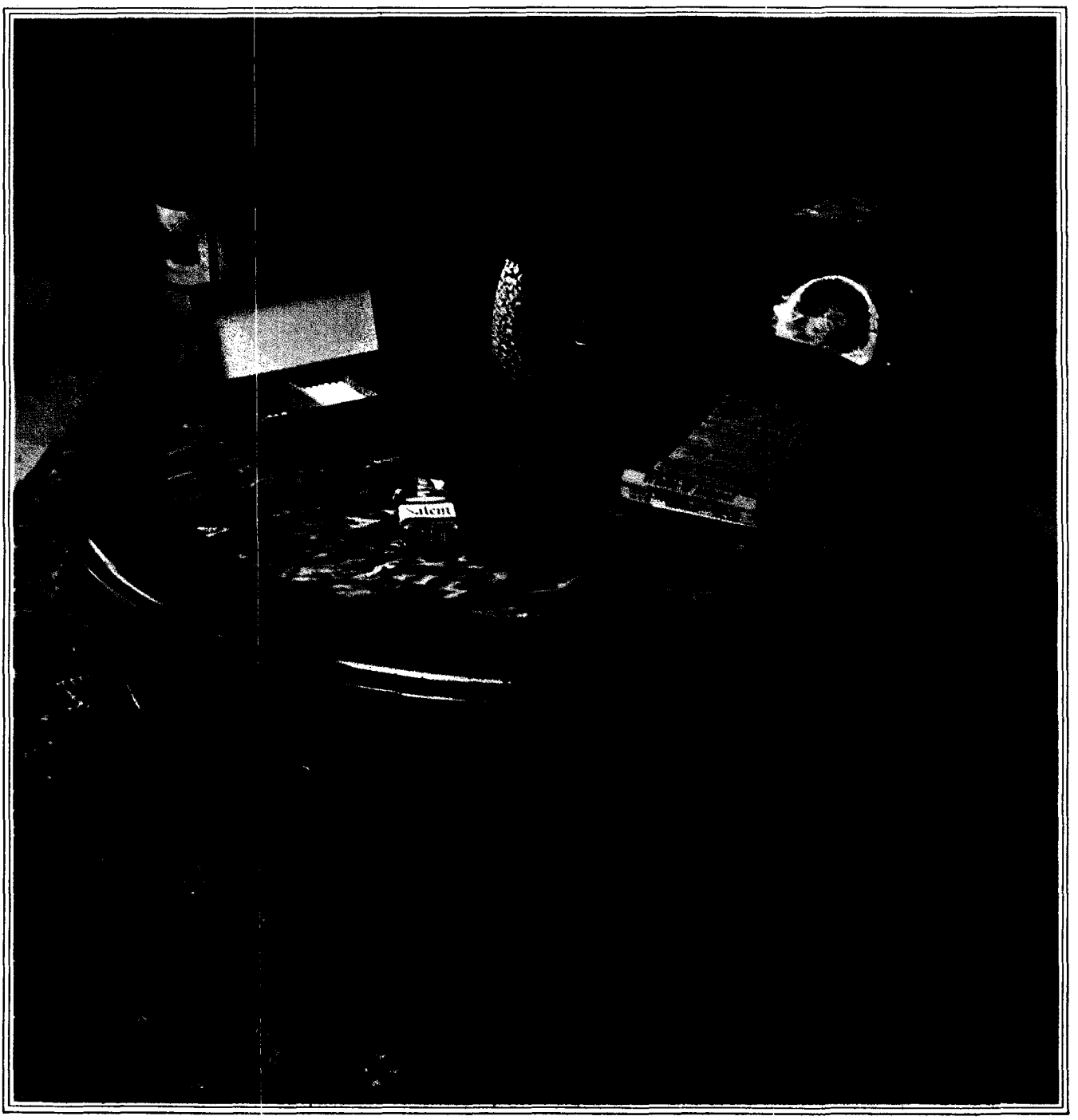
6. IF YOU THINK THE PERSON you're talking to may be recording you, watch his hands. He probably has an on-off switch somewhere. See whether he keeps his shirt pocket carefully covered. Some amateurs may "point" a briefcase at you. But the best protection is to talk about the Boston Red Sox or something like that.

7. THEY CAN PICK YOU UP from outside—"shotgun" mikes, parabolic mikes, etc.—but the quality is terrible, and it takes something like a ten-ton truck full of equipment. This method isn't seriously used, mostly because it's unnecessary.

8. A BUGGED CONVERSATION can be picked up by any small receiver—a little Sony will do—tuned to the right frequency, usually, but not necessarily, FM. The last five words are the key. To *find* a bug (or a radio phone tap) you come in with a gadget that sweeps the frequencies. The gadget costs $3000.

9. LASER BEAMS for eavesdropping are being worked on, but don't exist yet.

10. YOUR PHONE CAN BE TAPPED anywhere, from the mouthpiece (a transmitter can fit into the instrument's own microphone, operate on the telephone's power, and pick up both sides of the conversation) to the central terminal. If it's on your



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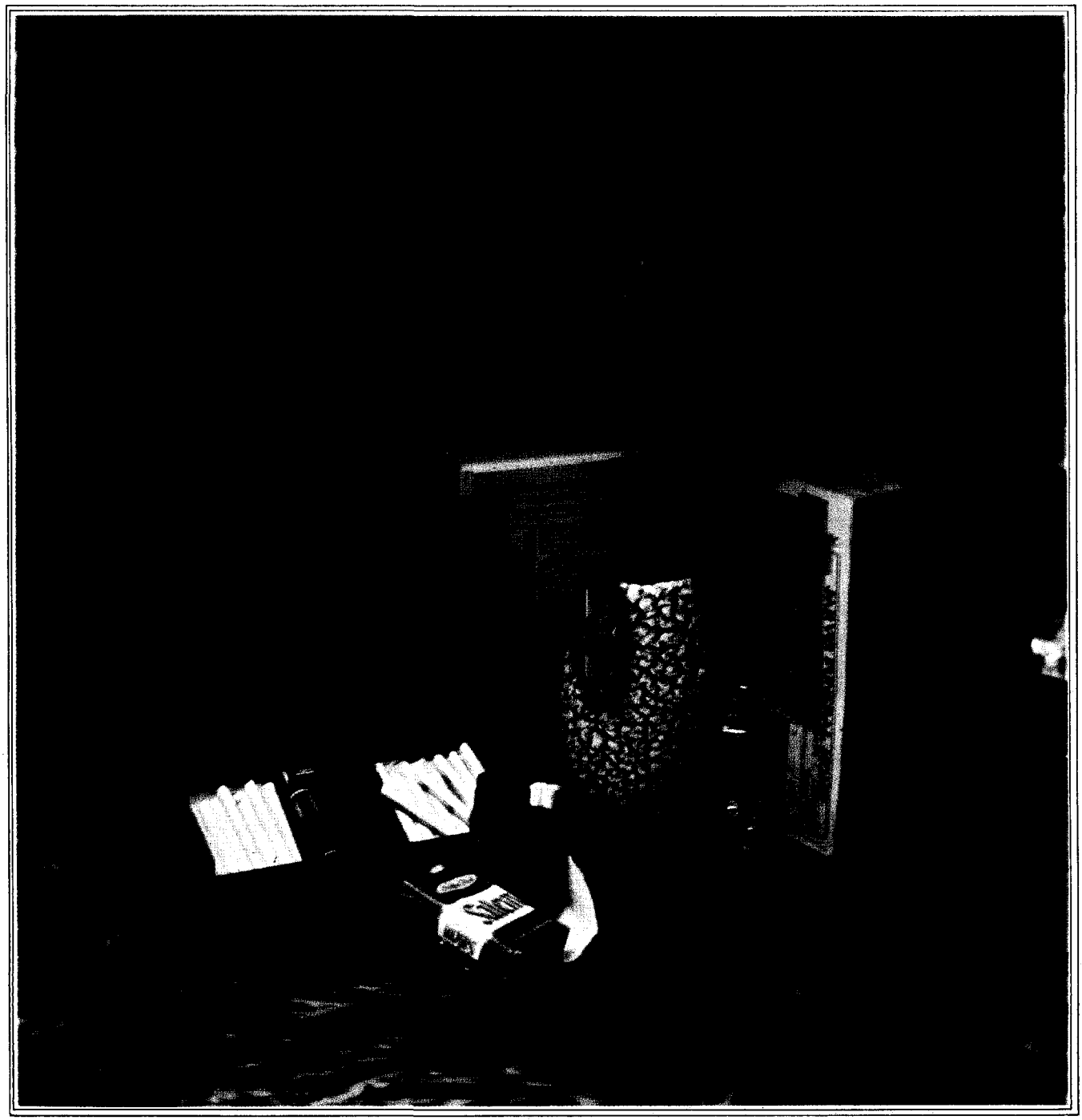
premises, you can find it if you know what everything's supposed to look like. Otherwise you need professional help.

11. THERE IS NO SOUND, combination of sounds, or absence of sounds that will tell you whether your phone's being tapped.

12. THE OLD CON TRICKS, like tapping a pencil on the mouthpiece, turning up the radio, running water or—as suggested by the late Senator Robert Kennedy—jumping up and down, are all just additional noises. They can "mask" some parts of the conversation picked up by a tap or a bug, but don't count on them. You beat a bug by going somewhere else (moving cars are still good, unless there's a large truck following you) or by finding it. You can beat a phone tap by installing a scrambler—a two-part mechanism that turns the call into gibberish except at each end. The person you're talking to must have his own half of the scrambler, however—it doesn't protect against random calls. And it costs at least $600.

13. DON'T BOTHER trying to spot the bug in somebody else's home or office, unless you think he's a cretin.

14. WATCH OUT. While you're looking for bugs, someone may be looking at you through binoculars, or taking movies of you, so that your lip movements can be read.



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Another criticism I meet is that tape recordings can be edited. That's true, they can—and it can be done so well that even the trained ear can't detect the editing in many cases. But we don't have to rely on the ear any more. Ten years ago there was some argument when the Ampex Corporation first claimed that *any* tape editing could be detected; today nobody debates the point. A tape recording is as distinctive as a fingerprint; *any* editing can be detected, more easily and just as accurately as a difference in fingerprints or ballistic markings.

FOR MANY YEARS NOW, our judicial system has been struggling toward an attempt to give the accused citizen an equal break—a chance to use the same means to defend himself that the police can use to convict him. Arrayed against the citizen, once he is accused, are (as they may be needed) the local and state police, the FBI, police laboratories and sophisticated technical equipment —including secretly-made recordings. In California—and law officials are trying to make the legislation national—the citizen is now barred from using recordings, devices that any policeman can legally use (the cops are, of course, exempt from the prohibitions of the California law).

Imagine yourself stopped on the highway by a corrupt police officer who confessed that you were indeed under the speed limit, but that it would cost you ten bucks to keep from getting a ticket anyway. If you were recording the conversation, *you* would be guilty of a crime—but *he* could never be convicted of one, because you couldn't use your tape recording in court! It's true that a tape can still be made as evidence of extortion—but when a cop stops you on a highway, how do you explain that you *expected* extortion, and that's why you made the tape?

In fact, far wider use of electronic equipment—not its restriction—can provide the answer to much abuse of police authority, and, equally important, far more effective protection for the police against unfounded accusations of such abuse. Suppose, for example, that every contact between a citizen and a policeman *had* to be recorded on a master tape which was always available to interested parties and under some circumstances to the public?

Imagine a system—which is technologically simple and well within the means of most communities—like this:

At central police headquarters, tapes are constantly turning. They record, among other things, everything that goes out or comes in on the police frequency. In the field, a policeman investigates a complaint or sees a suspicious occurrence or for some reason stops a car. Immediately and automatically, he asks for a switchover to an "investigation channel," hooks a wireless transmitter to his chest—we would all know that it is always there, but it should be visible as a check on the policeman and a reminder to everyone else—and only then gets out of his car to begin his investigation. Every part of the ensuing transaction would be immediately recorded "downtown."

For those who don't like policemen, it's easy to see that this system would eliminate much of the "all-right-you-black-son-of-a-bitch-where's-the-fire" that causes trouble in our cities. It must be obvious that the events at Columbia University or on the Berkeley streets or at Century Plaza would have been far different (even though, in such situations, the record-everything system might fall down, the internal communications among the policemen themselves, not only via radio but in person, would still have to be recorded). The mysteries of the Huey Newton case or of the shoot-out that culminated in the death of Bobby Hutton would be much clearer today; the famous Deadwyler case, which triggered what Robert Conot called "the second Watts riot," would be resolved, and the policemen involved either clearly indicted or decisively cleared, if a recording of the entire contact existed.

And what of the fact that there are no tapes of any of the interrogations of Lee Harvey Oswald? What might we now know about Dallas? And do we think of the Dallas police, in "rich" Texas, as civil libertarians when we learn that they said they didn't own a tape recorder? Or do we think of them as incompetent?

The proposal is not, however, merely an expensive way to be anti-cop. It would be worth three times as much as a protection for the policeman, not only against the unexpected attack (the fact that everyone would know the attack was being recorded would serve as a deterrent in many cases) but against the unjustified accusation.

No one should ever again be convicted merely on the uncorroborated word of a policeman—as now happens once an hour in every one of our major cities. Not long ago in Chicago, Danny Escobedo—the defendant in one of the major civil liberties cases to reach the Supreme Court in recent years—was rearrested on a new narcotics charge. When police officers testified that Escobedo had "made a buy" from an undercover agent, Escobedo's attorney quickly pointed out that if officers could see it, they could have photographed it. The jury agreed that there should have been corroborating evidence, and Escobedo was freed.

There is no reason today why not only juries but judges, faced with no evidence but the testimony of a policeman, should not say, "Where's the tape?" just as in the Escobedo case someone asked, "Where are the photographs?"

Not since the invention of the written word has anything been developed which can so serve the cause of truth and justice as can electronic recording. Today's historians would be better served if Harold Ickes or Robert Sherwood had used tape recorders instead of inevitably imperfect memories; and even had their memories been perfect, we would have the inflections, the subtleties of every conversation; and privacy would be no more invaded than by the publication of Ickes' diaries.

Our civil liberties would be far better served if laws like the oppressive rule in California—which truly is a restriction on individual freedom—gave way to a general understanding that I have as much right to record my conversation with you on tape, whether I tell you or not, as to make a memo about it or simply to concentrate on remembering it as well as I can.

As for the police, it seems evident that the practice of recording every contact between a policeman and a citizen, and recording all of the department's own internal conversations on public business, would serve them as well as it would serve the rest of us. Where abuse exists, the practice would go a long way toward eliminating it. Where it does not, the policeman would be fully protected. And the relationship between citizen and policeman—so bad today because of the sadists and the crackers, the head-knockers on the force and the knee-jerk cop-haters among the citizenry—might again reach at least that basic level of trust with which the anti-electronics liberals profess to be so concerned.

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What Makes Al Lowenst*Run?*

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[INTRODUCTION]

THIS WINTER VIKING PRESS will publish twenty-eight-year-old Paul Cowan's account of his disillusioning trip through such major institutions of American liberalism as Harvard University, the civil rights movement and the Peace Corps. Shortly before going to press, RAMPARTS received this note from the author:

"Thanks to his role in launching the McCarthy campaign, Al Lowenstein has become a nationally important politician. Because I am in complete sympathy with his present objective—to make sure that the Democratic Party runs its convention democratically—I have been wondering whether or not to publish an article that is critical of him. Besides, some friends tell me that Lowenstein has changed during the past few years, that he is much more flexible now than he was in 1964. Personally, I am not convinced of that. In late June, I attended the Coalition for an Open Convention which he organized (and at which he swayed delegates from vowing not to support Humphrey). I came away with the impression that he still had more faith in the process of manipulation—if *he* is doing the manipulating—than in the wisdom of the people.

"The piece is not meant as an attack. But the political situation we are in now is too complex and too dangerous to permit oversights and lies. There are hundreds of disputes between people who might have been allies, and these differences have to be understood. They are not gossip but history—the real, human substance of tactics, of strategies, even of ideologies."

[I. OF LOVE AND AL]

THROUGHOUT THE MISSISSIPPI SUMMER PROJECT of 1964, one hope which inspired northern white volunteers like me was that we could sustain a lasting alliance with the black people with whom we worked. Together, we believed then, young whites and blacks could redeem America. The Summer Project seemed to us a turning point in the country's history. We were an army of love, and if we could integrate Mississippi we would have seized hate's capital. But if we were repulsed, racism would be strengthened everywhere.

ein

In those days Al Lowenstein seemed to be almost as much an embodiment of that belief as Bob Moses, the northern black school teacher who had dedicated three dangerous years to organizing Mississippi Negroes. Al had been one of the very first white people to join with Moses. He had taken great risks to serve the movement as a lawyer and gained the respect of many of the black organizers who knew him. His considerable political sophistication, it seemed, could combine with the movement's moral fervor to produce a force that would rapidly transform Mississippi.

It was clear to both Moses and Lowenstein that political sophistication was the missing ingredient in the Southern civil rights struggle. They felt that a small movement full of courage and charisma but totally isolated from power in America would never force the segregationists to make substantial changes. For years the few black people who worked with SNCC in the South had been trying to awaken the conscience of the north by exposing themselves to constant physical danger. They hoped that the newspaper stories and the television films showing rabid white men beating nonviolent Negroes would finally force the country to confront itself. But very little had actually happened. By 1963, America's moral nerve still seemed to be dead. The only way it might be restored, Al and Bob agreed, was by white northerners, via the proxy of their children, coming to Mississippi and experiencing racism themselves.

Allard devised the political strategy that would incorporate them. He conceived the Freedom Democratic Party and organized its first campaign, designed to attract attention to the fact that Negroes in Mississippi did not even possess the right to vote. But even then there was a subtle difference between his and Bob's definition of political strategy. To Al, the Freedom Democratic Party represented a temporary device as much as a permanent organization. It would provide a reason for the students to come South; it would attract support in white Washington as well as in black Mississippi, and it might eventually provide the integrationists with enough leverage to reform the regular state party. But to Moses those were incidental considerations. He saw the FDP primarily as an organization for local people, a base on which they—not northern college students or liberal white intellectuals—could build power of their own.

The first FDP campaign was organized in November of 1963, to support Aaron Henry's candidacy for governor. Lowenstein had excellent connections at Stanford and Yale, and from those colleges alone hundreds of student volunteers came to spend two weeks in Mississippi, working alongside local organizers. They were chased by sheriffs, jailed and beaten just as the black activists were. Soon their stories had spread along the campus grapevine throughout the country. By the next summer hundreds of students were journeying South.

Lowenstein and Moses, architects of this achievement, seemed to complement each other perfectly. Al's visionary belief in the inherent decency of America's young people was as intense as Bob's love of the dispossessed Mississippi Negro. Allard, in his mid-thirties, was old enough to remember the Roosevelt years vividly, and he now seemed the medium by which the generous idealism of that period had been carried through the decades. When the summer began Lowenstein seemed to be the white Bob Moses—or, as many of the white students Al had recruited saw it, Bob was the black Allard Lowenstein.

It was in the late 1930's—years before the present generation of students, his main constituency, was even born—that Al developed the creed that would guide him through a lifetime of intense political activity. By the age of ten he was following the Spanish Civil War with the same rapt attention to detail that his contemporaries must have been devoting to major league baseball. He was, of course, an ardent supporter of

by Paul Cowan

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the Loyalists, but he hated the communists in Spain as passionately as he did Franco's forces. He was convinced that the Stalinists there were much more concerned with the interests of Russia than with the success of the Republican Army. When Madrid fell, Al wept for hours. The vicarious experience left him with a love for liberal democracy and a passionate hatred for anything that seemed totalitarian.

It was not difficult for a young American with Al's ideals to be patriotic in those years, when the country had just overcome its unemployment crisis and was entering the fight against fascism. And Al was no mere flag-waver. He seemed to feel that he had a special responsibility—like the Just Man among the Jews—to be sure that America's ideals were realized. Accordingly, he made sacrifices that must have seemed insane to his contemporaries. When he graduated from Horace Mann, a New York prep school, he certainly could have gone on to an Ivy League college, but instead he chose the University of North Carolina so that he could combat segregation directly. Several years later he disputed his 4-F classification (for bad eyesight and weak ankles) and entered the Army as a private. That was his duty as a citizen, he felt.

Meanwhile, Al gained stature as a liberal leader. He was elected president of the National Student Association in 1951 (the year before the organization established its formal relations with the CIA) and worked in the Stevenson campaign in 1952. Before his hitch in the Army he served as a legislative assistant to Frank Graham; afterwards, he worked for Hubert Humphrey. But offices bored him. He taught history at the University of North Carolina and Stanford, ran for Congress in New York, and fought apartheid in South Africa, Francoism in Spain, and segregation in Chapel Hill and Mississippi.

His greatest following was always among students. As teacher, lecturer, elder statesman of the NSA, he was always able to persuade young people to accept his liberal ideas. By 1963, of course, students at gatherings like the annual NSA Congress were looking for more than resolutions to support. These were the clean-cut, moderate young people whose college careers would have been entirely uneventful just five years earlier. The freckle-faced descendants of Tom Sawyer, the high school football stars, the cashmere coeds, class presidents, members of student Christian associations, Young Democrats and Republicans, college newspaper editors—young Americans whose consciences, filled with the egalitarian rhetoric of high school civics courses, forbade them to join segregated fraternities, insisting instead that they support liberal causes on their local campuses; these young people, inspired by the rhetoric of the New Frontier to examine their motives as carefully as possible, finally discovered that even their liberalism had been timid and were moved to confront injustice in that part of America where it was most blatant. For them, as for me, Allard was a sort of Johnny Appleseed of activism.

He was more, of course. His style was perfectly suited to the people he sought to reach. They were hungry for information, and he always seemed to be in touch with the distant world they read about in the newspapers. He had come from one place that was in the headlines, would be off somewhere else the next day, and could always describe intimate conversations with important public officials. That air of urgency made him especially magnetic to young people in search of a commitment. Even as late as 1963, the lost mood of the 1950's still pervaded most campuses; that mood was what we were trying to escape. And Al seemed a living, vibrant alternative to the parents and professors who counseled their young to be cautious today so that they might gain suburbia tomorrow.

One felt far freer to talk with him than with most of the celebrities who came to the campus. At the age of thirty-six he still had the manner of a student leader. His appearance was as sloppy as that of the most casual undergraduate, and he was always making small quips about his socks which didn't match, his shirt which hung out over his pants, his thick glasses which, he claimed, had the same transparency as the bottom of a coke bottle. When you met him you quickly felt at ease. And flattered, too, for he seemed more interested in sustaining a bull session with undergraduates than in sharing midnight sherry with their faculty advisors.

[II. MAN IN MOTION]

In the months after the summer project, my opinion of Lowenstein began to change. He had become disillusioned with the Mississippi civil rights movement, and as I heard his bitter criticisms of people like Bob Moses I became convinced that the ideas he had brought to the college campuses were in fact not much different from the ideas that many of his contemporaries were bringing to government in those early days of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. Like his former boss Hubert Humphrey, like so many Democrats who loved to recall the glorious 1930's, Lowenstein regarded the progress that had occurred in America during the New Deal as a model for development that could be imposed on deprived and segregated societies everywhere, from Jackson to Johannesburg. And if substantial, radical change could always be brought about by democratic means, without bloodshed—as Lowenstein's generation of liberals insisted—it followed that revolutionaries presented as deep a threat to progress as did reactionaries. That was precisely the argument that the Great Society administrators used to justify the war in Vietnam and the invasion of the Dominican Republic. And it was also the basis of Lowenstein's deepening distrust of Bob Moses and the rest of the SNCC staff.

Allard had always been interested in the Summer Project primarily as a way to attract the attention of northern liberals to the plight of poor Negroes in Mississippi. Once his counterparts inside government realized that there was injustice in America, Al seemed convinced, they would know how to solve the problem. So he tended to see the students and black people who worked in the state as part of a large, well-controlled public relations campaign, rather than as independent human beings who might develop their own analyses of their complicated experiences.

As I watched Lowenstein's admiring friendship with Moses dissolve into a bitter quarrel, I grew increasingly suspicious—not only of Allard, but of myself as well. Could none of us work in alien cultures without fighting the people we had set out to support? Perhaps the assumption behind the brand of liberalism that Al still embraced and I had not yet rejected—the patriotic conviction that America really was a special country, the last, best hope of mankind—was finally so inflexible that it made us incapable of dealing with black people on any terms but our own.

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[III. HOW TO MAKE THINGS CHANGE NOT AT ALL]

I SPENT A LOT OF TIME with Al in those months, arguing about the movement, debating the effect of our work in Mississippi, but still hoping that his conclusions might somehow afford me a perspective into which I could fit my own confusing experience. My own relationship with my black project director in Mississippi had been a bitter one, and I was still very unhappy about it. Al seemed so eager to talk about his dissatisfaction with the movement, so eager to discuss each detail of his disagreement with Moses, that I felt he must be as interested as I was in finding a way to redefine one's political identity. But in fact he wasn't at all interested in examining himself in order to change or grow. He knew exactly who he was and what he was doing. In his opinion, people like me were potential witnesses for the prosecution: we might add circumstantial evidence to his assertion that the movement had been subverted by people who were less interested in helping Mississippi Negroes than in using the segregation and poverty that existed there to foment angry, violent confrontations throughout the country.

Like any good lawyer, Lowenstein built his case on suggestive incidents, often letting the general conclusions present themselves. Since he did not argue in court, but at restaurants, parties and in university lecture halls, the specific, technical, organizational questions that concerned him sometimes seemed out of proportion to the passion with which he discussed them. For example, throughout the autumn after the Summer Project, he kept arguing that the National Lawyer's Guild, which was supposed to be a left-wing group, had less justification to represent the movement in Mississippi than the moderate Legal Committee to Defend the Constitution. In Mississippi, the issue would have seemed irrelevant since there had not been much tension between the two organizations, both intent on fighting the corrupt, segregated legal system; but in the north, where political intrigue was a way of life, the argument seemed significant. Al could deliver a half-hour speech relating SNCC's support of the Lawyer's Guild to the influence that extreme left-wingers possessed throughout the movement. He could supplement his speech with names, dates and organizational affiliations. To white students who had gone to Mississippi with the naive expectation of fighting racism, Lowenstein's performance was particularly disturbing. I remember an unhappy girl interrupting him in the midst of his argument one night to cry out in misery, "I wish you would quit telling us about all this. I learned so much from the Summer Project; now you're telling me that what I thought we believed in was a lie." Al reminded her that all his life he had made a practice of fighting injustice. He wished that more people had spoken out against left-wing extremists during the '30s, before it was too late and Senator McCarthy caught hold of the issue.

INTO THE AUTUMN, AL REMAINED angry over the fact that while he and SNCC were recruiting for the Summer Project, the campaigns on some campuses had been run by radicals whom he distrusted, another sign of SNCC's conspiratorial nature. Al was convinced that the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), whose directors had been called communists, was unduly influencing the movement's leadership; he could list dates and places of meetings between SCEF officials and SNCC staff. He was convinced that members of SNCC's immediate board of directors had communist connections, and he was quite exact about his charges. He was always sure that some important plot against the liberals had been hatched at a meeting he hadn't attended, and he could usually produce a batch of notes taken by some friend sent in his stead to support his contention. There was a simple pattern to his disclosures: evil people had gained control of a movement that promised to do much good for America, and the innocent black peasants and misguided white students had to be saved from the communists.

The more I heard Al talk the less I wanted to be saved by someone like him. The problems that concerned him seemed bureaucratic, not human: he appeared to be more worried by the possibility that there might be a few communists in the movement than by the undisputed facts of segregation and poverty in Mississippi. He seemed interested in the students, the black staff members and the local Negroes, not as people but as pieces in the organizational chess game he seemed so intent on winning. Though I had wanted very much to admire him—had expected him, as a matter of fact, to provide a solution to my own political quandary—I soon began to see him as a sort of political firefly: all glow and no heat. There was a great deal of motion, but not very much person. It seemed as though he used his suspicions of bureaucratic manipulation, of conspiracies and betrayals, as a means of avoiding direct human relationships.

He always had to be at the center of a crowd, never one of a group of friends, and for that reason he was always transforming small social acts into nightmares of frantic confusion. For example, when Allard went to a movie, it was as the leader of a hastily assembled movement. There would be 20 different people to be mobilized, all of them from different parts of the city, all eager to see different films. But Lowenstein felt called upon to unite them behind a common objective—this strange array of Stanford graduate students, African revolutionary leaders, newspaper reporters from North Carolina, divinity students from New Haven. So you would wind up waiting on a street corner for a group of people you had never met (and wouldn't recognize, since Al was invariably half an hour late) and then, frozen and bored, you would learn that the movie that had been chosen in the final caucus was no longer playing in all of New York City. Finally, the group would redivide into its component parts, and each person would see the movie he had originally chosen.

In many ways, I kept thinking, Al *was* a great man. He acted out the fantasies of his repressed contemporaries—those law school classmates of his, for instance, who talked a liberal line at cocktail parties in Great Neck or Lake Forest—and he devised practical ways for the more courageous generation that followed to express its beliefs. In doing so he not only helped change Mississippi but had a large effect on the rest of the country. But he could never understand the fact that the people he sent into action would be transformed almost beyond recognition. So far as he was concerned, persons who talked publicly about their disgust with the American government—as many Mississippi residents and civil rights workers did after the Summer Project—were dangerously disloyal. Al could not understand that the young people and the black people were making an honest attempt to find their own approach toward changing America; he was convinced that a well-planned conspiracy lay behind our increasingly angry questions, our

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increasingly militant behavior. He fought the mythical conspiracy in a way that made him resemble the McCarthyites he despised. The tragedy was that his frenzied attitude lost him the respect and trust of students and black people, the two groups he sought to restore to his beloved, imaginary America.

[IV. BLACK AND WHITE TOGETHER]

MOST OF THE OLDER NORTHERN white liberals who had used their money and influence to support the Summer Project (while spending the summer in Cape Cod) were quickly persuaded by Al's arguments. They had developed a mistrust of the Mississippi movement's black leadership during the Freedom Democratic Party challenge to the regular white delegation at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. The predominantly black delegation and the SNCC staff members who accompanied them insisted on making their own political decisions on their own terms and angrily rejected the advice of the northern liberals who had worked with them. It was an unforgivable act as far as many white people were concerned.

After long, tedious negotiations over the right of the regular delegation to represent the state, a compromise had been reached. The segregationists would remain but the FDP would be granted two at-large seats. Liberals like Joseph Rauh, the former Americans for Democratic Action chairman who served as the FDP lawyer, Bayard Rustin and Wayne Morse were convinced that the compromise represented a symbolic triumph for integration in the South. But most FDP delegates and movement leaders like Bob Moses felt that the compromise was totally unacceptable. It did nothing to punish the regular party for segregating the entire democratic process. Instead of sitting in the seats the Democratic Party had reserved for them, the FDP people sat-in on the convention floor. Within a week the movement was irrevocably split.

The northerners simply did not believe that the Southern black people could make wise decisions about tactics for defeating the system that had victimized them for so long. Imagine Hubert Humphrey, whom Lyndon Johnson had appointed to negotiate an agreement between the FDP and the regular state party, whose own hopes for the Vice Presidential nomination were said to rest on his ability to achieve a peaceful settlement, respecting the political view of a semiliterate sharecropper from the Mississippi Delta. Humphrey was used to dealing with *leaders*, like Roy Wilkins, Martin Luther King, or even Bob Moses, not with *people*. Confronted with both Bob and a Mississippi field hand whose grammar and diction were terrible, Humphrey would respond like most of the volunteers who had gone South and regard Bob's opinion as the important one—even though Bob insisted that no one could speak for the field hand, and that the politicians had to hear him express his own views in his own way. But Humphrey was too much a part of the traditional political system to understand Bob's argument, let alone comply with it. He could view someone like Fanny Lou Hamer as a compelling symbol, but he could never perceive her as a partner in the active political process. He could intone her name—call her one of those brave black people to whom America owed so much—but he could not respect her ideas. He could not admit her ability to determine the terms of the debt which he insisted the nation owed her.

What was true of Humphrey, whose relationship to the movement was more political than personal, was even truer of Joseph Rauh, whose commitment to the Freedom Democratic Party was voluntary and intensely emotional. Deeply as he felt about the FDP, though, Rauh still regarded the convention challenge as one step in a long-range strategy that would transform America. When Rauh learned that his friend Hubert Humphrey would be nominated for Vice President if he settled the FDP challenge before it seriously embarrassed the Democratic Party, he had to weigh that fact, too, in terms of overall strategy. It would be more important, Rauh judged, to have Humphrey close to the White House for four years than to see Mrs. Hamer in one of the delegates' seats for four days—and that was the reason he advised the FDP to accept the compromise. When he learned that Mrs. Hamer saw things differently—that she cared more about winning her own battle at the convention than about getting the most liberal traditional politician elected Vice President—he disregarded her opinion. After all, he had been around Washington for a long time and Mrs. Hamer had been a sharecropper all her life: was there any question as to who had more savvy? When the FDP delegates and the SNCC staff insisted on rejecting his advice, Rauh became hurt and angry. Why didn't they show more gratitude to a man who had given so much of his time to their cause? Who were they to jeopardize the future he had worked so long to build for his country?

The liberals' emotions were complicated by the fact that the episode was unique in their experience. They had, of course, lost political battles before—in fact they rarely won—but their defeats had always taken place within a cultural framework which they understood. If the Democratic Party's platform committee prevented Rauh from including a strong plank on disarmament, for example, that was unfortunate but understandable. If the Reform Democrat movement of New York turned down Lowenstein's bid for a congressional nomination, that was sad but explicable within a context Al understood. Those were traditional political battles, manipulated in familiar ways by the sorts of people who always involved themselves in public life. But the sharecroppers and field hands in the Freedom Democratic Party delegation bore little resemblance to the New York lawyers in the Reform Democratic clubs or the Southern white congressmen on the platform committee: it had never occurred to Rauh, Humphrey and the other liberals that the black Mississippians would honestly disagree with the elaborate compromise they had taken such trouble to work out. It was, so far as they were concerned, almost as if a Negro kitchen maid would presume to quit her job because she didn't like the way her employer voted.

The liberals regarded the Southern blacks as beneficiaries, not partners, and expected them to show passive gratitude, not an active interest in making their own decisions. They were so shocked by the behavior of the FDP delegates at the convention that they were willing to believe almost anything about them in the months that followed. And not only the white liberals who had been active in arranging the compromise; northerners everywhere who had supported the Summer Project as an experimental domestic Peace Corps now saw that it contained a political view of its own, one that they could not control. They felt that if people as politically naive as the FDP delegates made a decision so strongly opposed to the judgment of the country's wisest liberals—men like Rauh who time and again had displayed their "concern

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for the Negro's cause"—then there must have been something suspicious about the Mississippi movement from its inception. The most plausible view was that the poor black people had been duped by men whose interests had nothing to do with their own. Perhaps, over the years, men with un-American ideas had worked their way into the movement's leadership and craftily sought to win the trust of the unsophisticated.

And that, after all, was the way the communists operated. An entire generation of idealistic radicals had learned that painful lesson in the '30s, '40s and '50s. If they hadn't seen the Reds firsthand—and most of them hadn't—they had learned a little about their activities from the anticommunist intellectuals who published their voluminous confessions in magazines like the Partisan Review. In the months after the convention, Lowenstein expressed his generation's gut reaction to the Mississippi movement as clearly as anyone else. "I felt as if I was in Spain and the communists were holding their guns at my back," he said of his relations with SNCC. He wasn't talking about the fight over the compromise, during which he had been neutral, but about an entire year of tensions and disagreements. It was a view shaped by distorted, romantic impressions of another decade's failed liberalism. Lowenstein was his own tragic hero—an Orwell, a Koestler, a Dos Passos. By some odd inversion he was suggesting that such people as Bob Moses were the evil outside agitators, while he and Rauh and the few local black people who supported them were the legitimate indigenous forces.

Whenever Lowenstein talked there was the suggestion that the black people who had been risking their lives fighting for freedom in Mississippi were disloyal to the United States; that the white students who spent the summer assisting them had been removed from the healthy influence of people like Al and turned into unconscious accomplices to that "disloyalty"; and that the liberals who had stayed outside the state, cheering the Summer Project from the safety of the north, were the only element of the *de facto* coalition that had retained its belief in democracy. It was only a suggestion at first; it became an assumption when it spread out into specific rumor, and it turned into a matter of public record when overt allegations were printed by columnists like Drew Pearson and Evans and Novack. Soon the term "SNCC-baiting" gained currency on the left; it was the decade's equivalent to Red-baiting. It was especially difficult to fight because it involved so many *ad hominem* arguments, so much innuendo. To defend the accused was to legitimize the accusation. Who would want to stand up in public and say that "Bob Moses is not a communist" as a response to the hints, the whispers, the half-truths? One would only make the rumors more credible.

[V. BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME]

EVEN THOUGH I ARGUED fiercely with Lowenstein whenever we were together, in fact I found myself inclined to accept a great deal of what he said. I would argue just as fiercely against my contemporaries who insisted on celebrating the Summer Project without reservations; and sometimes, to be shocking, to be spiteful, to win a little point, I would echo Allard himself and reveal my secret knowledge about SNCC's hidden relationship with the Lawyer's Guild or SCEF. The summer's work had been so confusing, the apparent collapse of the movement so depressing, that I half-believed everything I heard. Like Lowenstein and Rauh, I was hurt by the hatred black people were beginning to express toward people like me who believed in integration. I could accept the cultural explanation of their efforts to rid the organization of white people, but no rational argument really healed the pain of personal attacks.

So I half thought, half hoped that there might be some truth to the liberals' assertion—even about Bob Moses, the villain of their plot. Not that Bob was a conspirator, exactly, but that the bitterness that had collected within him after so many years of frustration and lonely work had pushed him toward ideas that would undermine the America I still believed in—or at least the America I was again living in, for a few comfortable months in the north had erased my most vivid memories of Mississippi. Bob used to say that when you're outside Mississippi it never seems quite real, and when you're in the state the rest of America seems unreal; though I quoted him often, I had forgotten the implications of his remark. The liberals' opinions still made some sense when I heard them in an apartment in New York City, table talk during a roast beef dinner elegantly served by a uniformed Negro maid. There were no movement people around to defend themselves. Bob Moses, Stokely Carmichael, Ivanhoe Donaldson, Cleveland Sellers: they were still working in Mississippi, risking their lives daily; subsisting on collard greens, sweet potatoes, greasy hamburgers; worrying about starving people, racist politicians and brutal police, not the Byzantine drawing-room intrigues that obsessed their antagonists in the distant north.

There were rumors that year that money had come to the movement from Russia, China, Cuba, Algeria—that was the kind of thing liberals talked about during the months that Lyndon Johnson was deciding to bomb North Vietnam and Dean Rusk was instructing the Marines to invade Santo Domingo—and while I felt contempt for the people who gloried in such gossip, I still accepted the premise behind their accusations. Brought up deep within the liberal tradition, I was as prejudiced against communists, I discovered, as most Southern whites are against Negroes: that was the miserable inheritance of my childhood during the Cold War. There was a level of consciousness on which I, like Al Lowenstein and Joseph Rauh, was convinced that communists spread political disease, that they infected everything they touched. If SNCC had received even a dollar of Moscow gold, then the organization must be polluted—that was what I instinctively thought. (I didn't know that the civil rights movement had received quite a bit more than a dollar from the CIA during those years.)

But my hysteria soon broke. As I compared reports from the real Mississippi with the stories that had originated in the North, I was shocked into realizing just how little the liberals understood about the people they were criticizing. Bob Moses pulled me past my inherited illusions. I saw him a few times, talked frequently with friends who had just come back from the South, and began to recall that Moses was simply not the demon the liberals portrayed. He was not basing his actions on the cold, cruel logic of revolutionary initiative. His decisions were not designed to further some distant, half-visible cause.

In fact, if there was one thing for which people inside the movement criticized Bob, it was that he had become even less of a leader than he was during the Summer Project, more committed to his own idea of pure participatory democracy. He apparently couldn't stand the prospect of becoming an important national figure. The fact that people saw him as the

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head of the movement, the source of guidance or of ruthless villainy, violated his deepest belief: that common men were better equipped to decide for themselves than any leader was. He referred almost everyone who sought his advice to the sharecroppers and field hands among whom he had been working for so long. "All our strength comes from the local people," he would remind the volunteers and staff members who stayed in the South through the next fall. The phrase became his theme. "If the people in Mississippi want to organize sewing clubs, we'll help them organize sewing clubs," he told a reporter that year. "If they want to organize cooking classes, we'll help them organize cooking classes. It's their decision, not ours."

If the liberals had focused their attack on anyone else in the movement, their ideas might have seemed more credible. But their misunderstanding of what Bob was trying to say, the future in which he believed, was so profound that it seemed literally paranoid.

They claimed that Bob might be disguising his real intentions beneath libertarian rhetoric. He might be trying to dissemble for his detractors in the north, or craftily asserting his belief in total decentralization in order to create a vacuum which would allow his people to seize control of the entire movement. (Communists know how to take advantage of chaos, said Dean Rusk that spring, explaining the decision to send the Marines to Santo Domingo.) To his enemies, Bob Moses was Stalin—programmed to resemble Jesus Christ. So deep was their suspicion of him that they could no longer imagine him performing a single act out of genuinely decent motives.

One weekend late that spring Bob removed himself forever as a leader. At a SNCC conference in Atlanta, he told the people who had worked with him the longest that he no longer wanted to be known as Bob Moses, and that he was determined to leave Mississippi where he had struggled so long to build a movement. A cult of personality had developed around him, he said, and now it must vanish. People could be free only if they had no leaders, no idols.

He demolished the identity which thousands of people throughout America regarded as their source of moral authority. Bob Moses became Bob Parris; he would never again head an organization but would work in some lonely corner of Alabama—and we were alone. I got very drunk the night I heard about his decision. He was lost to people like me, that was instantly clear, and I knew I would feel his absence even more keenly than I had felt the absence of John Kennedy. His act, however noble, seemed an admission that the vision he had constructed at the start of the decade, during those nights in New York when he listened to Odetta sing of her people and brooded on injustice in Mississippi, was unattainable in America. He had not stepped aside to make room for new leaders; the destruction of his identity seemed a naked admission that Bob Moses had failed. At least Kennedy was trying to bring change when he was murdered; Bob, whose energy and dedication were much greater, was now asserting that no important changes could be inspired in this country by people like himself. America had destroyed the politician who had sent our generation into action; now it was defeating the man who had supplied us with our courage and vision. Bob had renounced his identity, he said, to free others to find their own; but somehow his act merged with that mood of sad, weary resignation some of us already felt, to produce something close to despair. There was no longer much love in the civil rights movement, much democracy or decency, and Bob's renunciation suggested that the remains of those qualities would quickly drain away. Men like Stokely Carmichael, who had always maintained confidence in Bob and had acted according to his example, would soon reject forever their belief in nonviolence, in reasoned conversation between the powerful and the powerless. They would entirely reject the belief that had supported the Summer Project—that poor Negro communities could be organized into America and that their example would redeem the country; soon they would talk to black America as if it were a separate nation. When Bob erased his image they knew—as Bob had realized during the summer in Mississippi—that the only way to change America was to threaten it, to preach self-defense, not nonviolence, to demand revolution and scorn reconciliation.

WHEN BOB WITHDREW HIS PUBLIC image he revealed to white students like me the depth of the liberals' hypocrisy. It was no longer possible to have faith in the judgment of people who had insisted that the man who changed his name and left the movement because he feared becoming too influential was a calculating, disloyal agent ready to manipulate the poor people with whom he worked in order to attain the objectives of a foreign power. The liberals lived in a different age and a different country from the Mississippi Negroes and black movement organizers —and from people like myself, as I was beginning to realize —and their opinions were irrelevant. Their values might destroy us as they had nearly destroyed the Mississippi movement, but they would never again inspire us. We had to win the country from them, for ourselves.

One evening late that spring, Al Lowenstein was in Chicago to give a speech. Bob's renunciation, the escalation of the war in Vietnam, the invasion of the Dominican Republic, the rebellion at Berkeley and the assassination of Malcolm X were already matters of record. After Al spoke, a group of us gathered in a graduate student's apartment to talk with him. It was the sort of setting in which he always excelled. He was beginning to weave for us his thesis of the far left conspiracy, somehow connecting the Mississippi movement to the Free Speech Movement and the Free Speech Movement to the protest against the war in Vietnam that the SDS was organizing. As usual he argued that the far left was conspiratorial, nihilistic, intent on destroying a great nation. Finally I said, mildly I thought, that I found myself losing all confidence in the American government, and that Al's criticisms of the new protests indicated to me that he had not thought carefully enough about what was happening in the country. His answer was instantaneous. "You're the sort of person who wants to believe that America is a fascist society," he said. "That will help you tear this country down."

Clearly he wasn't speaking to me so much as to the other people in the room, using me to recruit them in the same way he had used SNCC to recruit me just a few months before. At first I was insulted by his comment. I thought I had organized my whole life around my love for America's potential. But the more I thought, the more I realized I should feel flattered.

Epithets like Al's, charges of disloyalty and un-Americanism, were beginning to seem like compliments.

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Back-of-the-Book

The Pill of Sisythe

[ENCYCLICALS]

HUMANAE VITAE ("*Of Human Life*"). *The seventh encyclical of Pope Paul VI. Vatican City: August 1968. Translated from the Latin.*

I HAVE BEEN SUBJECT to the Roman Catholic Church's teaching on birth control twice during my formal schooling, originating with my high school religion teacher, a florid-faced Brother of Mary whom I always presumed was a homosexual because when proximity allowed, he habitually stroked the pants legs of the boys. When the chapter on sex came due in the course of the semester he appeared disinterested in it, and simply told the class to read the religion textbook and be prepared to explain, in an examination, the basic workings of the rhythm system and the circumstances under which married couples were allowed to use it. I dutifully memorized everything, but never quite understood the functioning of the thermometers and other gadgetry, though I retained a vivid picture of St. Paul's warning about spilling one's seed.

However, in my junior year in college I received a most thorough indoctrination in the Church's position, which came in a manner that for excess of detail and religious ferocity may have rivaled Stephen Daedalus' retreat. For the purpose, a guest lecturer was brought into our religion class, a tough, balding Jesuit who had been an Army chaplain and had, as he put it, "seen the world." He began by dispelling the notion that a chaste priest was unqualified to teach the rules of sex—after all, did a doctor have to endure cancer in order to cure it?

The special lectures lasted three weeks, during which the most remarkable illustrations were chalked on the blackboard. We learned the mathematics of menstrual cycles better than our multiplication tables; we were instructed in the art of interpreting the most minute gradations in the readings on our future wives' rectal thermometers; we discovered that Freud had taught that artificial contraception was psychologically harmful; and we became schooled in the disposition of unwanted or untimely erections.

We were assured that medical science was on the threshold of advances which would make the rhythm system "foolproof" (needless to say, such advances never came to fruition and rhythm remains the most frustrating and untrustworthy system of regulating one's issue), which would mean that Catholic couples need refrain from the full exercise of marital privilege for only a few days each month.

But we were warned, most sternly, that the immutable and obvious dictates of natural law said that one could never begin an act and not carry it to its natural end. Therefore any activity or thought that might lead one to become excited, our instructor said, was also forbidden during certain periods of the menstrual month. Perhaps somewhat carried away by the anatomical frankness of previous discussions, I was booted out of class for asking if that meant we had to look at a calendar before getting a hard-on.

EITHER BY WAY OF SUCH ritualistic expositions, or via the Sen-Sened breath of the priest wafting through the mesh screen of the confessional booth, most Catholics have had such insensate and barbarous conditions laid upon their personal lives.

But even in America the Church, for all its Irish-Catholic Stalinism, could not enforce guilt when its faithful didn't feel guilty. Gradually, individually, American Catholics increasingly practiced forbidden methods of birth control, and with the advent of the pill—invented by a nice old Catholic doctor who, incidentally, *looked* like a Pope—the battle for rhythm was, statistically, just about all over. A sardonic monsignor of my acquaintance remarked last year that almost the only large segment of the Catholic population still using the rhythm method were nuns and priests engaged in extracurricular affairs.

But it is difficult to be a Catholic and not feel a little bit guilty, and most of us felt a great sense of relief with the advent of Pope John and the liberalizing decrees of the Ecumenical Council—it was taken for granted that the Church's outmoded teachings on birth control would soon go. As with the end of prohibition, everybody had a drink to celebrate.

So it was slightly disturbing when Pope John in effect took the decision on birth control away from the bishops by setting up a secretive six-man commission to investigate the subject and report directly back to him. (It is not generally known that John's commission was quite conservative in make-up—in contrast to the variegated 57-member commission named by Pope Paul.) But the Council debated the issue anyway, with the sentiment being for some form of modification in the Church's position. Cardinal Suenens of Belgium warned in 1963, prophetically, that the Church

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would have "a new Galileo case" on its hands if it failed to modernize its teaching on contraception.

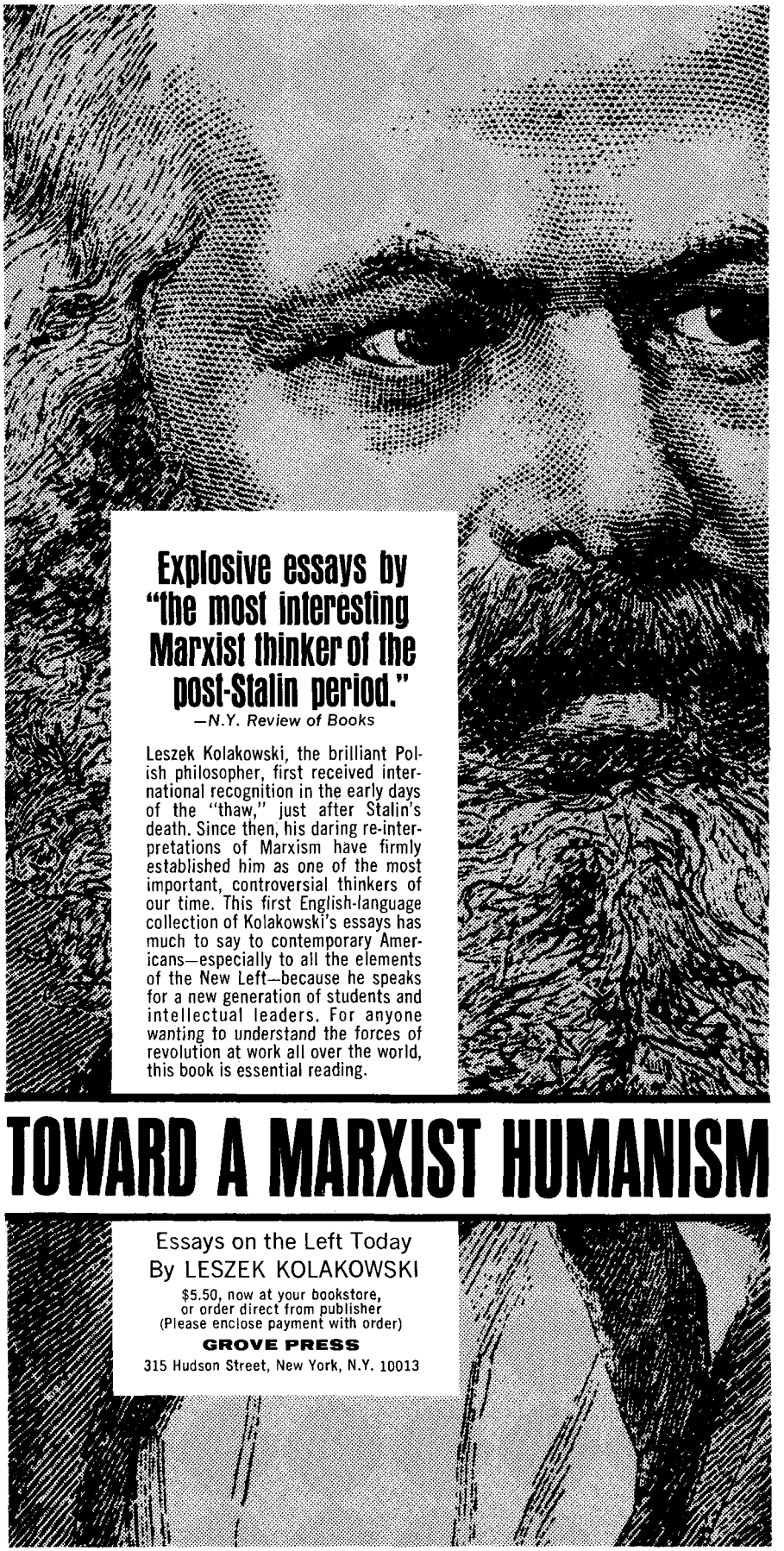
There were precedents for change. The Church had long ago abandoned the Papal teaching that made charging interest a sin. The Vatican Council, in its decree on religious liberty, summarily dismissed Pope Gregory XVI's 1832 contention that man did not have a right to freedom of conscience. Also—and most importantly—Pope John's remarkable encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, laid the theological groundwork for a reversal of the old natural-law arguments against contraception by reordering the priorities of Catholic theology.

Traditional scholastic philosophers—the men who staff the rationalization desk of Catholic theology—looked first at the nature of things, and only secondarily at the thing itself. This generic approach, whereby inflexible laws were deduced by inexorable logic from abstract principles, had the natural effect of asserting the primacy of wholes before parts, and of duties before rights, along with a host of other anti-personal and elitist philosophical implications.

As opposed to his Church's customary preoccupation with "essence," Pope John's concerns were clearly existential. Individuals' rights were to him more primary and evident than their abstract nature. By this reshuffling of Catholic priorities, Pope John threw his lot in with the progressive and avant-garde theologians in America and Europe, who had been busy redefining what they called the "personhood" of man not as a figment of Aristotelian calculus, but rather as a concrete, unique person who is preeminently free and thus continually giving shape and form to his own existence.

Shades of Protestantism perhaps, but that was where the Church was going, and where Pope John was taking it. Or more remarkably, in view of the retrograde usage of Papal power historically, that was where he was allowing it to develop.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH has been hung-up on sex longer than on any other single subject, a heritage no doubt of the successful Manichean split of matter and spirit, or body and mind, into bad guys and good guys. The early fathers of the Church had no easy time of it. Origen, in an excess of Stoic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purity, castrated himself in order to end the temptations of the flesh; much later Abélard experienced a similar fate after the shame of shacking up with Héloise. As early as 595 A.D., Pope St. Gregory the Great decided that sex, even for the singular purpose of procreation, had to be at least a venial sin. This sexual hysteria had not appreciably subsided when in 1854, over 1200 years later, Pius IX proclaimed the Immaculate Conception, for no discernible reason other than that a group of probably dirty-minded celibates around the Vatican couldn't stand looking at all those statues of Mary and imagining the Mother of God doing it.

The Church's teaching on sex—most particularly its ban on birth control—was most rigidly formulated by St. Augustine, although his views on Eros were heavily influenced by an early obsessive preoccupations with the Manicheans, and perhaps with his mistress. But it is more enlightening to look at St. Augustine's teaching on lying than at his morose and predictable views on intercourse. The very principle he raises to define the proper use of the tongue is, somewhat incredibly, the one just espoused by Pope Paul in *Humanae Vitae* to state the contemporary Catholic position on the proper use of the sexual organs.

Lying, the Bishop of Hippo held, is wrong because man was given his tongue only for the communication of truth. Like George Washington, St. Augustine found it impossible to tell a lie; there were no redeeming circumstances whatsoever. He offered the extremist example of a man seeking refuge from robbers in someone's home. The master of the house, if questioned by the thugs, must be willing for the pursued man—and perhaps himself—to die, rather than lie about who was hiding in the broom closet.

This was the rule in Catholic moral theology for many centuries, and the obviously agonizing absolutism of the principle led to a mammoth theological controversy—greater, by far, if one counts in centuries as the Church does, than the argument over birth control. Finally, after bending every which way, the scholastic philosophers came up with the casuistic and Jesuitical principle of a "mental reservation," which was clearly artificial and stupid but at least had the virtue of allowing Catholics to lie in the state of grace. Surely, if the Church could find a way to make life easier for man's tongue, one would hope it could do as much for his penis.

SURELY. BUT, SURELY NOT. "Sexual intercourse even with a lawful wife is unlawful and shameful, if the offspring of children is prevented," wrote St. Augustine in the fourth century. And that, with some scholastic refinements by St. Thomas Aquinas in the 13th century, has remained the basic Catholic doctrine.

St. Thomas set the Church teaching on masturbation by insisting that any seminal emission without coitus was unnatural—a theory still taught in most Catholic high schools today when warning the boys to keep hands off. (One could argue that since the female suffers no seminal loss when masturbating, her masturbatory activity is natural and therefore moral. Over such fine points of sexual ethics, castles-full of moral theologians have occupied themselves for centuries.)

Of course, Christians as a class have always been rather weird about sex, with attitudes ranging from the hostile to, at best, the ambiguous. The idea that sexual pleasure for its own sake is sinful and intercourse is only justified in the procreation of children has hardly been an exclusive of the Church of Rome. John Calvin was a hard man; even Luther's marriage to a nun did not serve to bias Protestantism in favor of free love; and then there was Hester Prynne. Indeed, it wasn't until this century that the consensus of Christendom against deliberate family limitation even began to break up. Protestant do-gooders like Anthony Comstock led the crusade in the U.S. against the public sale of contraceptives, and the Church of England, as recently as the First World War, was reaffirming its opposition to "preventives" and offering sexual abstinence as the only alternative to a large family.

The bishops attending the famous Lambeth Conference of 1930, where the Anglican Church gave its reluctant approval to "artificial" means of birth control, were deeply divided on the subject, and for decades thereafter there was much guilt-assuaging in the ranks of Protestantism. Indeed, it was not until the Lambeth Conference of 1958 that the Anglican Bishops dared to use the forthright language that liberal Catholic bishops were to use just a few years later in the Vatican Council, when they stated that the method of controlling the number and frequency of children was totally the concern of the individual conscience.

Pope Pius XI, who otherwise distinguished his pontificate by giving his blessing to Hitler and signing a concordat with Mussolini, wasted no time in reacting to the 1930 Protestant declaration of independence from St. Augustine. The encyclical *Casti Conubii* restated in overkill rhetoric the Church's traditional teaching on sex in marriage and condemned artificial contraception as "shameful and intrinsically immoral" and "an unspeakable crime," among other things.

Casti Conubii, aside from putting hellfire in the minds of Catholic couples who were dabbling in condoms, is significant because the Pope mentioned, almost in passing, medical research into the ovulation cycle of women which was exploring "safe" periods when conception could not occur. He left the obvious interpretation that, for proper reason, intercourse limited to infertile periods would not violate Church doctrine. This was not giving away much, since the biology of this phenomenon was at the time rather uncertain. "The ordinary working-class healthy woman has no safe period at all," Dr. Marie Stopes said in 1924.

However, two independent studies published in 1930, one by a Japanese gynecologist, Dr. K. Ogino, the other by a Czech, Professor H. Knaus, reported rather definitely that ovulation took place either 12 to 16 days (in Japan) or 14 to 16 days (in Prague) before menstruation. They concluded that since the male sperm could only survive for two or three days after coitus, any sexual intercourse from, say, three days after menstruation to the outside calendar limit for the beginning of ovulation would, by the God-given laws of nature, be sterile.

THAT PUTS A BIG DENT in the typical screwing month, but to the celibate, prudish and frequently octogenarian moral theologians of the 1930's, periodic abstinence from such an animalistic activity as copulation was good for body and soul alike. Thus Catholic theologians hailed the Ogino-Knaus report as if it were a new scientific proof for the existence of God, since it gave the Church a middle road between Pius XI's rigid condemnation of contra-

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ception and the brutal psychological and economic realities which dictated that Catholic couples should not produce offspring like bunny rabbits.

Although Rome had no formal comment, books on the "rhythm method" began to be published with the semi-official approbation of American and European ecclesiastics. Thus the Church's acceptance of the method came through a gradual *fait accompli*, and it was not until 1951 that Pope Pius XII put the Church down in writing as approving the "regulation of offspring" by the "licit method" of rhythm.

Pius XII's calm pronouncement was actually revolutionary, for it broke with the standing Catholic position that God alone had the "right" to decide the size of a family and man could not limit his issue on his own initiative. The Church's traditional teaching is summed up in this sentence from a 1927 ethics book: "If God sends another mouth to feed, he will find means to fill it."

Except for the two encyclicals in this century, the Church has very little doctrine on contraception, probably because modern science appears to have been slow in developing efficient birth control devices for the masses. Until well into the 19th century, the primary method of avoiding births—what Augustine and Aquinas were referring to when they wrote against "contraception"—was a practice called "coitus interruptus," a process which is self-defining and which the Church lumps into the sin of "Onanism," after Onan, the son of Judah, who is accused by St. Augustine of pulling a fast one, for which account he is said to have been put to death by God.

CONSIDERING THE RATHER awful single-mindedness Rome has exhibited over the centuries in insisting that man has no business being master of his reproductive facilities, the "rhythm" decision, allowing Catholics to control their family's growth by selectively plotting periods of intercourse, appears on the one hand too arbitrary and on the other too open-ended.

The Church had usually rejected or ignored advances in science, yet in the case of birth control it had changed some of its most rigid doctrines in an almost casual manner on the basis of a developing scientific study. Therefore, it could hardly argue, as Paul attempts to do in *Humanae Vitae*, that subsequent advances in biology might not also effectively modify its doctrine. By suddenly allowing family planning through rhythm, the Church also compromised the standard Christian belief that the primary or sole purpose of marriage was the begetting of children. To then continue to justify the rhythm method while condemning other means of contraception is, in the end, an impossible philosophical task.

The rhythm decision punched a hole in the dike of Catholic absolutism on birth control, and Pope Paul's attempt to plug the leak with *Humanae Vitae* is theologically inconsequential. Paul will eventually die, and another Pope will eventually issue another encyclical updating his retrogression. That is the way things go in the Catholic Church.

The Church's liberals, of course, are outraged, mostly because they were beginning really to believe in the efficacy of prayer. Euphoric over Pope John, wishful thinkers about Paul, the laymen and priests who are now doing all the

Continued on page 57

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The HHH/Sgt. Shriver Axis

by Jack Newfield

SARGENT SHRIVER IS THE LEADING contender for the Democratic Party's Vice Presidential nomination because Hubert Humphrey believes that Shriver symbolizes both the idealism of the War on Poverty and the romance and nostalgia of the Kennedys.

But Hubert is mistaken. Shriver, in fact, is the symbol of hoax and failure to the poor, and of opportunism and betrayal to the Kennedys, if not to their constituency. Shriver, as architect, administrator and salesman for the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), is morally and politically responsible for the "other war" which Lyndon Johnson lost during his tenure in office.

On January 31, 1964, President Johnson asked Shriver, already director of the Peace Corps, to develop his "unconditional War on Poverty in America." Shriver was given six weeks to assemble a program and draft what was to become the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964. He hired such intellectuals as Professor Daniel Moynihan and Adam Yarmolinsky, and he consulted with radicals like Paul Jacobs and Michael Harrington. But more meaningful was the fact that the poor themselves were not asked to participate in the creation of the poverty program.

Even before the first piece of OEO legislation passed the Senate on July 23, 1964 (by a vote of 61 to 34), Shriver had made two compromises which guaranteed that the poverty war would be waged with blanks: first, he let Phil Landrum of Georgia, coauthor of the notorious Landrum-Griffin Bill, write into the original legislation a clause which gave all present and future governors (Wallace, Maddox, Reagan, Kirk, etc.) an automatic veto over any proposed project in their state; second, Shriver made a private deal with senior Southern congressmen that Yarmolinsky would not be hired as deputy director of OEO. The Southerners considered Yarmolinsky, then an aide to Robert McNamara, to be an "extreme leftist." (According to a series of columns written at the time by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, anti-Semitism also motivated the Southerners' insistence on a pound of flesh.)

By April of 1966, it was clear that Shriver either couldn't or wouldn't fight the congressional chairmen, the mayors or the bureaucracy on any important issue. He let Mayor Richard Daley convert Chicago's poverty program into a patronage mill. He cut back the Community Action Program whenever local City Halls complained. He cut off funds and then only partially refunded the movement-oriented Child Development Group of Mississippi (CDGM) project when Senators Stennis and Eastland complained. And he refused to criticize the escalation of the Vietnam War, which was already diverting funds and energy from the OEO.

So by the time Shriver addressed the founding convention of the Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty (CCAP), he was on the defensive. He began by reciting a litany of OEO's "remarkable achievements" to a room full of people who had experience only with OEO's failures. Organizers from SDS who had watched the politicians take over the Chicago program were there, and so were activists from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, who were bruised by the cutback in funds for CDGM. The poor interrupted Shriver's bland, unrealistic speech with boos; they shouted questions, particularly about CDGM. But the plastic salesman of the Great Society kept on reading his prepared text, ignoring all direct, personal questions.

Finally, Shriver looked down at the shouting faces, most of them black, and declared, "I will not participate in a riot," and walked out. A few hours later he still could not understand the rage that had been liberated by OEO's grandiose promises and empty performances. He still needed a scapegoat and rationalizations, and told a press conference, "The people involved in the yelling business were determined beforehand upon breaking up the meeting as an end in itself."

A FRIEND ONCE ASKED Robert Kennedy what the Kennedys thought about Sargent Shriver working for Lyndon Johnson. "The Kennedys think he is a Shriver," the late senator replied. And although the polls and the press continue to portray Sargent Shriver as a loyal and logical legatee of the Kennedy family's reform politics, the fact is that he is not. Robert Kennedy did not even regard Shriver as a political ally, much less a member of the Tribe. Senators like Claiborne Pell and Joseph Tydings endorsed Robert Kennedy for President, but his own brother-in-law never did.

The best insight into the actual relationship between Kennedy and Shriver is gained from an incident that took place in the White House in July of 1964, which is reported in somewhat laundered form in Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President: 1964*. At that point Robert Kennedy was still in a trance of grief following his brother's assassination, and he could not really focus on the question of whether he should seek the Vice Presidential nomination. But Shriver, through his former Peace Corps colleague, Bill Moyers, was actively campaigning for the second position on the 1964 ticket. One afternoon, Kenneth O'Donnell, a passionate RFK loyalist, was in LBJ's inner office when Moyers called on a direct talk box to tell the President that he had secretly spoken to Shriver, and that Shriver had told him that "the family wouldn't object" if Shriver accepted the Vice Presidency, and "Bobby wouldn't be upset at all." At that point O'Donnell, who Moyers did not know was in with Johnson, reached over the President's desk, slapped down the switch on the voice box, and barked, "The fuck Bobby wouldn't!"

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Continued from page 55
screaming about the encyclical have forgotten the authoritarian nature of the structure that serves their Church. They also forgot, until Paul reminded them, who was Pope.

Liberals don't like such factual unpleasantries intruding upon their projections of reality, and as a result they have become publicly outraged at the Pope, which makes for good copy—like Newsweek's anonymous Detroit Catholic mother who snorted, "Who is the Pope to come into my bedroom?" But the reaction of Georgetown University's conservative philosopher Germaine Grisez had more bearing on the motivation for the Pope's encyclical: "If one is a Catholic, one is a Papist. And if one is a Papist, then one cannot say, 'Rome has spoken and the cause goes on.' One has to say, 'Rome has spoken, the cause is finished.' "

IN MANY WAYS, here is the classical political struggle: the liberals have logic, science, psychology and theology on their side; the Pope has power.

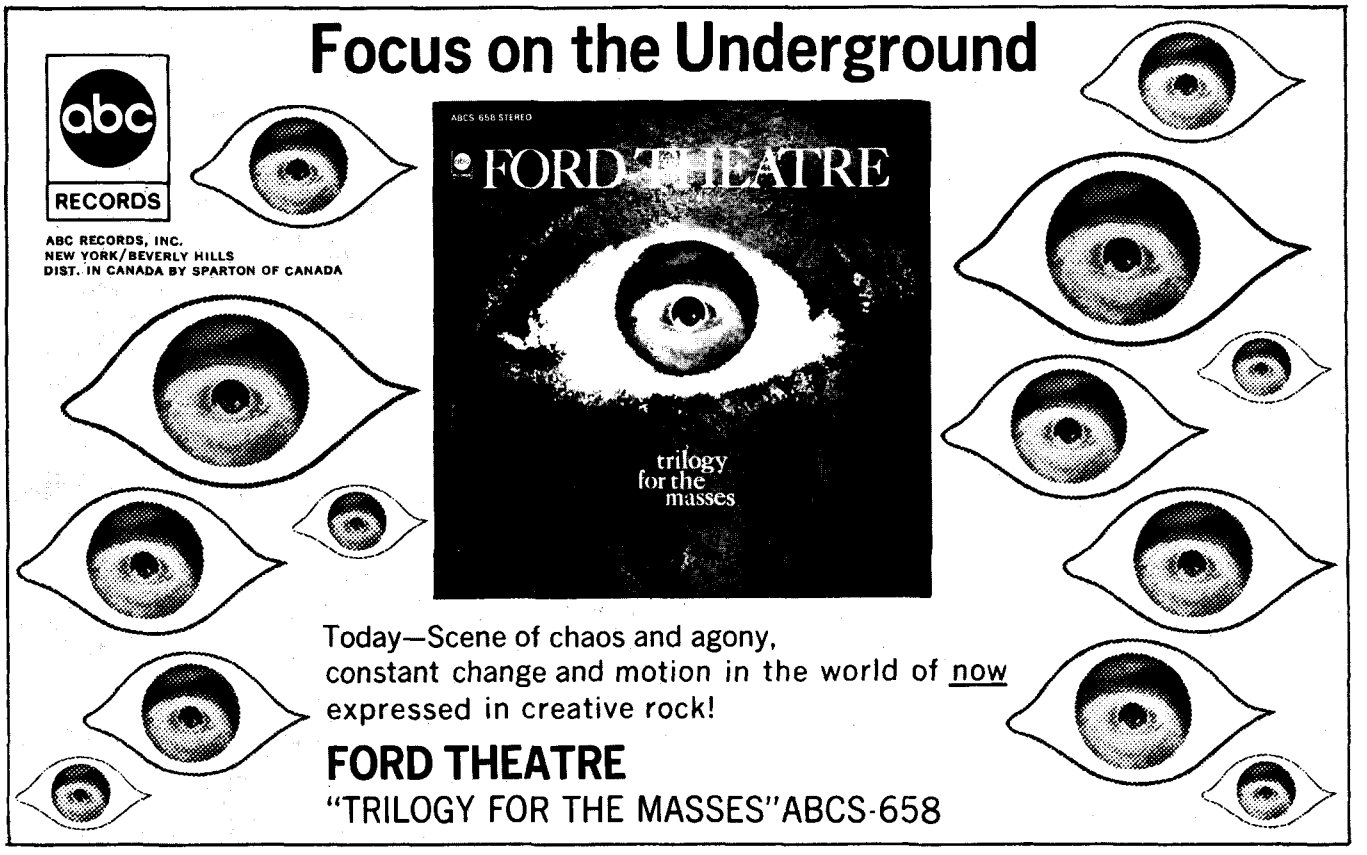
Paul knew exactly what he was doing. He fully understood the arguments of the liberals but chose to reject them. For all the horror it has caused Planned Parenthood, *Humanae Vitae* is not primarily an encyclical about Catholic ethics. It is, very crudely, an effort by a man who is a conservative but not a reactionary to regain pontifical control of the Church from the top, after Pope John got the bishops all excited about "collegiality," which is the Church's version of participatory democracy.

The essence of the encyclical is an appeal to authority, not to reason: "This is what the Church has always taught." Ironically, what the Church has always taught is that birth control is a question of natural law which can be resolved through the use of reason. England's caustic Archbishop Thomas Roberts pointed out that contradiction: "One *does* wonder about a rational faculty that seems to have been ordained for the exclusive use of theological thinkers of a certain persuasion."

The key to the reading—and dismissing—of *Humanae Vitae* can be found in the minority report of Paul's 57-member Birth Control Commission, the text of which was happily stolen by the National Catholic Reporter. The majority, of course, came out for basic changes in the Church's line on contraception. The minority report was signed by four theologians, three of them Jesuits. It almost ignored theological considerations, asserting that the Vatican must remain immobile on the issue of contraception because "if the Church should now admit that the teaching passed on is no longer of value, teaching which has been preached and stated with ever more insistent solemnity until very recent years, it must be feared greatly that its authority in almost all moral and dogmatic matters will be seriously harmed."

A careful textual exegesis will find a similarity of motivation in Pope Pius XI's 1930 encyclical blasting the Protestants. In their winning argument, the authors of the minority report reminded Pope Paul that Pius XII's *Casti Conubii* was written in direct response to the 1930 Lambeth Conference. "Is it now to be admitted," the four horsemen of the minority report asked in 1968, "that the Church erred in this her work and that the Holy Spirit rather assists the Anglican Church?"

—WARREN HINCKLE



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BOOKS

Blacking Out

TELL ME HOW LONG THE TRAIN'S BEEN GONE. *By James Baldwin. Dial Press. $5.95. 484 pp.*

AFTER THIS NOVEL, it will be pretty hard for anyone to take James Baldwin seriously anymore, at least as a creative artist. There has been ample evidence before this of his obsolescence, but one kept wondering, especially because of the increasing distance between his publications, whether Baldwin didn't have another series of essays stored up, or even a long nonfictional outburst that would capture the ambiguities of race for America today in the same way, for instance, that *Notes of a Native Son* did for yesterday.

Admittedly, fiction has never been Baldwin's forte. One senses that he has written in the genre more out of some conviction that novels are the highest of literary realities than out of real passion. It has been largely a waste of energy. In his essays, certainly among the best in contemporary American literature, he was somehow able to refine his own odd personality in a social crucible and to make it a voice that could speak with a powerful, generalizing authority about blackness. It was an emergent blackness that he was chronicling—a blackness which has now emerged. But in this novel, the voice is not that of a black Jeremiah, but of a middle-aged man whose words have begun to sound canned and homogenized; a man who is not quite sure why events have passed him by but is piqued about it, and who is rather haphazardly trying to assert himself among a new and more robust generation of writers.

A composite portrait of Baldwin emerges from this book, and it is not especially flattering to his mid-passage. Tastes: at their worst, as they frequently are, hopelessly dilettantish. Sex: homosexual, but not sufficiently reconciled to just say so and let it go at that. Politics: confused, and too involved with personal needs to be even faintly healthy. Probable ambition: to remain king of the black writers, although everyone around him is trying to get the message through that the age of monarchy is gone and has been for several years. Audience: the same people who were pleasurably whipped by his past works, but who have probably gone on to more refined forms of masochism.

The novel itself, so formless and confessional as to approach a further abuse of that already abused term, is about one Leo Proudhammer, a successful black actor at the pinnacle of his achievement, the midpoint of a successful life. A debilitating heart attack is the device Baldwin uses to get his hero into a sufficiently ruminative mood to recollect the hardships and heartbreaks of making it in a white world, and the sort of love affairs and frustrations that go along with being black. Further than that, it is hard to describe.

Throughout *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*, Proudhammer remembers all the scenes that have become quite familiar to Baldwin's readers: the sensitive black child growing up scorned and angry, but refusing to wilt under the hot breath of white culture; the potentially close and warm black family, riven by this same culture; the black man miraculously surviving adolescent outrage and going on to chart the limits of his social world. There he sits, Proudhammer/Baldwin, poised between generations, sexes, colors, ideologies, able only to watch the scene and attempt a feeble synthesis. The familiar call to overcome it all by love is there too, but is too common by now to be worth much.

THE INGREDIENTS AMOUNT to pretty much the same country that Baldwin has been splicing together for a long time, but the book is pathetic not because it is saying the same thing in a slightly different way, but because the author doesn't realize it. More important, one senses what seems to be a new desperation and hunger in Baldwin, as he tries to keep his ego in focus at every moment, bending practically everything in sight to his own narcissistic purpose.

Drawings by Benedict Kocian

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The most telling example of this emerges in a burlesque portrait of a young black militant: Christopher, Proudhammer's "black Christopher," his guard and lover, who is included in the book for the protagonist to sleep with, and thereby emasculate.

The whole relationship between Proudhammer and Christopher is difficult to evaluate, if only because it is so unrealistic. It is probably best understood as a sort of fictional pacification program; the homosexualization of a potential Black Panther into a pussycat. One would prefer not to queer-bait Baldwin, but he insists on throwing down the gauntlet about his sex life every time he writes. And what is important about the Christopher affair is that it makes painfully clear Baldwin's absolute isolation from political reality. Here, in the middle of the black revolution (which, incidentally, tends to be extremely critical of Baldwin's chosen role as explainer to whites of the pain and beauty of nascent negritude), Baldwin chooses to confront black militants by caricaturing one of them and then dragging him into the hothouse of his own imagination.

But this is only the most emphatic aspect of something that occurs throughout this novel. There is no plot to speak of, no major thesis, no real humanity or human conflict—only James Baldwin, appealing for attention in every way imaginable.

If the question in the title of the book were not rhetorical, one would be forced to answer: a long time. You missed it, it's long gone, and you'll probably never catch it again.

—PETER COLLIER

THE DEAD

THERE ARE TIMES when ferrying the departed across the River Styx is such a pleasure that I would almost be willing to forego the coin that is placed between the lips of the departed. I felt that way this summer when I was permitted to pole the Honorable Joseph Richard Pool of Dallas and the House Committee on Un-American Activities, despite the fact that the Hon. Joe (his given name, he believed, was too high-falutin' for the plain folks of Texas) hefted a good 280 pounds.

Back in 1966, the Hon. Joe was about to be retired from his $25,000-a-year seat in the United States House of Representatives and from his lucky seat at a Capitol poker table. He had not done much for those Dallas folks. But in this strait he decided that, better than giving them poverty money or racial equality or consumer protection or increased Social Security, he would bestow on them protection against those long-haired youths who wanted Amur-rika to stop shipping her youth to kill and die in Vi-etnaam. The Hon. Joe's boon would be a delight—to the Texas aerospace monopolists who are coining zillions out of the war, and to the Texas oil shots who are bloated from their war profits.

So the Hon. Joe hauled some peaceniks before the un-American committee; he sat in the chair and banged his gavel and questioned the agitators ("Would you let your sister marry a Green Beret?"). And when they told him to go to hell, he banged his gavel some

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more and put them in contempt and reaped the headlines. Then the Hon. Joe, in a halo of press clippings, went back to Dallas and told the voters that if it weren't for him, some peaceniks might marry their daughters, or Norman Mailer would surely get them. And the grateful Texans sent him back to Washington for two more years.

So when the Hon. Joe showed up this summer—his heart gave out all of a sudden—it was a pleasure. So too was ferrying J. Parnell Thomas and Martin Dies a few years ago. To look ahead, Ham Fish will be along one of these days, too.

THE PASSING OF SOME MEN of no particular prominence brings into focus their times and the society that produced them. One such was Joseph M. Shapiro. Shapiro, who was called "Pops" for short, founded the Simplicity Pattern Company in the United States in 1927, and made a fortune out of it. Pops had the American people figured. Describing how he came to go into dress patterns, he said:

" 'What's the tendency of the American people in everything: in architecture, in eating, in living?' I asked myself. 'It's simplicity.' So I was pretty sure cheap patterns would go.

"But I made one mistake. Ten cents was too cheap. No one would believe they could be any good at that price. So I raised it to 15 cents, and they began selling like hot cakes."

Hot cakes, in Pops' case, turned out to be 120 million patterns a year, as of 1968, for a total world annual sales volume of $30 million. —CHARON

CORRESPONDENCE

REVOLUCIÓN PERMANENTE

SIRS: I read Che's diary [RAMPARTS, July 27, 1968] with the utmost interest. As a Cuban exile (in this country since 1960), and a participant in the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion, I considered Che, as well as Fidel, Raul, Ramiro, etc., my political enemies, good only if they were dead.

But times have changed, and I have changed also. Although too late now for a reincorporation into my country's future and too proud to retract myself from a position taken at that time, due mainly to a "bourgeois" background, I nevertheless admire the guts, integrity and convictions of a man like Che Guevara, who after having everything a mortal would enjoy—political power, legendary fame, fellowship in the Hall of Great Innovators—left it in order to prove a revolutionary thesis.

I believe like Fidel and countless more that his death, instead of diminishing, will accelerate Latin America's revolutionary process.

Viva el Che y la Revolución Permanente.

(For my family's safety, I would appreciate your withholding my name. Miami is full of my compatriots, and most of them have very backward political ideas.)

NAME WITHHELD
Miami, Florida

BLACK, BLACK, BLACK

SIRS: I was somewhat taken aback by Mr. Schneck's statement in his article on LeRoi Jones [RAMPARTS, June 29, 1968] that, "In 1965, black and white men of good will were integrating the South together." Perhaps "trying" was inadvertently dropped from this sentence. If not, Mr. Schneck is himself a victim of self-deception or considerable moral corruption. I feel sure that it will come as no shock to the bulk of your staff when I tell you that the South is not in fact (or any other way) integrated. It is quite probably *less* integrated than it was five years ago (come and see).

Real progress was made between 1950 and 1963 (not enough, not nearly enough), but since then—nothing. Propaganda . . . all that high-flying publicity, as one SCLCer called the aftermath of the Selma march, but only small victories . . . big tragedies . . . isolated victories . . . a black sheriff in Tuskegee . . . a "moderate" mayor in Birmingham.

The *percentage* of blacks (in relation to whites) registered to vote in Alabama is *lower* (and has been since the end of 1965) than it was in 1962—and the number of black dropouts (elementary school, baby) is higher, incredibly higher. It's not that we really mind your trying to help. It's those two steps backwards for every one forward that's got our backs up against the wall.

In fact, there has been an almost total polarization. This was not true before, not everywhere in the Deep South. Now, the segregationist establishment reins have tightened beyond belief.

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Trying to integrate the South must have been an exhilarating experience. I don't know. I don't remember. But it's not hard for a liberal white Southerner to see why LeRoi Jones despises us all.

CHARLES BON
Huntsville, Alabama

UGLY FLOWERS RISING

SIRS: The Judaeo-Christian idea that sex is sinful seems to have been replaced in many of Maurice Girodias' books ["Pirates of Pornography," RAMPARTS, August 10, 1968] by the idea that sex is cruel, stupid, boring—to mention only a few of the adjectives that come to mind after perusing his publications. It is ironic that those who try hardest to eradicate the baneful weed of puritanism should raise up the ugliest and most deformed flowers in its place.

HENRY DAVID REMPEL
Minneapolis, Minnesota

BABY AND CHILD CARE

SIRS: I have just read that Dr. Spock has been found guilty. Of course most people will ignore this and pass it off with the thought that laws can't be broken.

But, may I ask, what laws have been broken? For a long time I have been under the impression that we live in a country with freedom of thought and speech as long as it did not hurt anyone else. Is not wanting to send our children to a war which we don't even believe is a moral war (if there ever was such a thing) such a great crime? What are we coming to? Inquisition tactics. Will the next step be burning the books?

I was especially amused by the all male jury. Were they afraid that Dr. Spock might appeal to the maternal instincts of the female? Or was the jury compiled of war veterans who feel that what was good enough for them is good enough for everyone?

Maybe if our democratic government succeeds in abolishing the few people with brains who have the courage to fight for what they think is right, we can turn in our strings and become the imperturbable, impassive group of idiots known as the "puppet people." This is our country, and our children's future. If we aren't concerned now, later may be later than we think.

KIM OSBORN
San Luis Obispo, California

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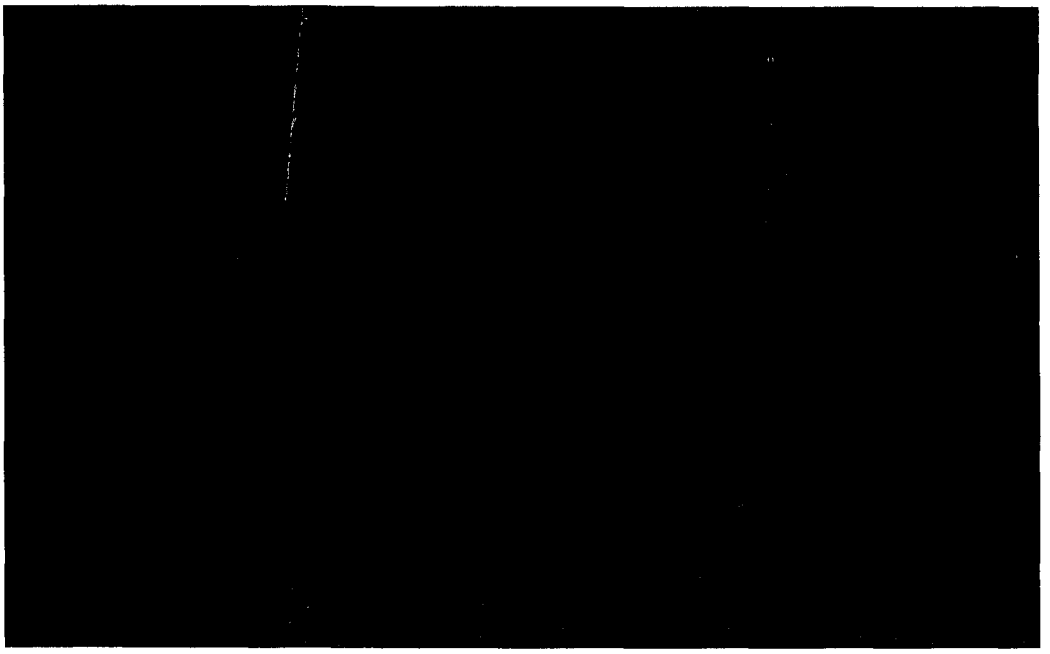

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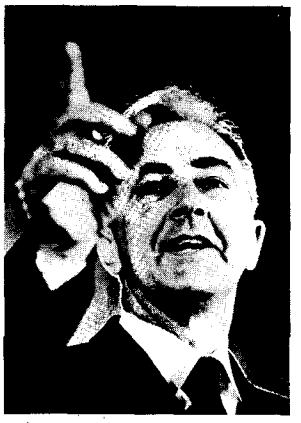


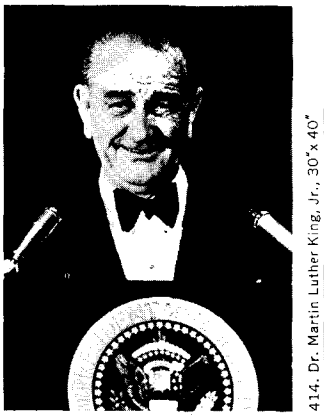
394. Eugene McCarthy, 30"x 40"

137. Robert F. Kennedy, 30"x 40"

397. J. Edgar Hoover, 30"x 40"

298. Che Guevara, 30"x 40" (Color)

196. Stokely Carmichael, 30"x 40"



206. LBJ, 30"x 40"

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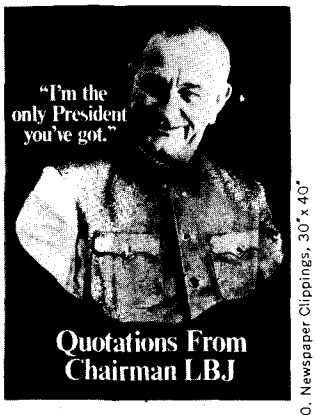

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